

# Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 25, 1961 25 CENTS

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**YEAR OF THE  
QUARTERBACK**



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## Next week

With his corps of natty ushers, "crowd engineer" Andy Pash handles spectators at major sports events and frustrates the crashes. A report on this odd occupation by Rex Lardner.

In a portfolio of paintings Artist Francis Golden illustrates the moods of upland game hunting among the fields and pine forests where grouse and pheasant await outdoorsmen.

Baseball's final week is magic ones this year because of three names: Monte, Mantle, Ruth. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED looks at the men, the magic, and the climax of a year's search for 60.





230. This film score containing original variations of his hits



245. The Sing-Along Seriesbooklet 33 great songwriting sheets, too



37. Also The Man I Love, Cherry, by early musical, released in



374. And 10 more by TV legend who with young band/friends



254. Arnold sings his all-time hit with a new hi-fi sound



269. Toronto's hottest folk singing trio recorded in concert



214. Also Blue Suede Shoes, The Lady Is a Tramp, 6 others



292. Also Red River Valley, The Last Round Up, 18 Western songs



294. My Friend, And the Sun, and Million Dreamboats



255. And other hits by the country crooner's hit



4. Younger Than Springtime, Some Enchanted Evening, 13 more hits



279. Also Wanderlust by Night, Down the Road, etc. by piano solo



314. An encyclopedia of musical, cultural, and historical treasures



289. Country and old songs like Home and Gentle Fools, etc



224. Lyrics and original compositions by the comedy duo



220. Best-selling modern jazz album from the TV series



261. And 8 more of his top Latin dance hits in stereo sound



391. First Spanish guitar music ever by the greatest guitarist



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224. Lyrics and original compositions by the comedy duo



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240. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



204. Authentic island music from Hawaii, Alaska, etc. 16 others



314. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



243. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



1. Also 10 more soothing instrumental - Willie Ma - Young, others



14. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



248. Popular vocal trio from the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s



314. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



243. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



124. Pioneer of long fall the end of the 1950s and 1960s



248. Popular vocal trio from the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s



248. Popular vocal trio from the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s



314. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



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234. Also, I'll Be Home for Christmas, etc. by gospel singer



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318. Claudio Monteverdi's one of the best performances



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327. Includes The Blue Danube and Sousa's other hits



303. The 1960s new sensation Price gives you it



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363. Melachino's music is a treasury of favorites



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P.S. Please bear in mind this is *natural* cheese, *not processed*. "Club" simply means that long-long-aged cheddars have been crumbled together so they're **SPREADABLE**.



# SCORECARD

## ROGER AND OUT

The other day a representative of *Hochi Shimbun*, the Japanese newspaper, appeared in the dressing room to ask Roger Maris 18 questions, the answers to which a baseball-happy Japan eagerly awaited. Among the questions, all politely presented to Maris, were these: What method of attack do you think is best to break any home run hitting slump? Is deliberate walking upsetting your equilibrium and your coordination? What do you do to maintain your playing condition? Is bat weight important? How are you reacting to the fuss over your home run race? Do you think Mantle will catch you and pass you?

Maris listened to all 18 questions and then said, "Mantle will pass me. That seems to answer them all." There is something we could say here about the relation of performer and press and about international good will. Instead, we'll just clench our fists, draw ourselves up straight, and say, "No Comment."

## YOU PLAY TOO, COACH

The football teams that Coach Woody Hayes turns out at Ohio State are noted for their one-dimensional tactics. They rarely pass, they seldom kick, and their standard reaction to a crisis is a simple straight-ahead line plunge. It is extraordinary that the coach who teaches these tactics should himself react so differently to a crisis off the field.

Last week a reporter asked Hayes what he thought should be done about the bribery scandals that may be bearing down on college football. Hayes immediately tossed a wide lateral; the college deans, said Hayes, should help clean out gambling parlay cards from dormitories and other campus sites. Having thus thrown the defense into total confusion, on the very next play Hayes quick-kicked.

"You sportswriters have to back us up on that if you think anything of collegiate football. You've got to stay on top of this thing. You've got to make the player realize what an awful thing he could do to himself and his family."

This is quite clear. The deans must

crack down on football cards, and the sportswriters must throw the fear of God into the athletes. We were wondering. Woody: what are the coaches supposed to do?

## ANOTHER RECORD FALLS

According to the current issue of the sprightly magazine *Andabow*, a bird watcher has broken the record for total number of North American birds spotted in a single year. The old record of 572 species was set by Roger Tory Peterson in 1953. Now Stuart Keith of England claims he saw 594 in 1956. Soon the arguments will begin all over again: Are bird watchers simply better than they used to be, or was that the year of the lively bird?

## SHALLOW POOL

The Cincinnati Reds are only minutes away from the National League pennant, but a few diehards, notably the New York Yankees, are still rooting for the Los Angeles Dodgers. Is the reason tradition or the joy of East defeating West? Not at all. The reason is money.

In a Yankee-Dodger World Series the winning players would receive about \$16,000 each, while the losers would get \$9,000—thanks to that vast, 92,500-seat cavern, the L.A. Coliseum. Crosley Field in Cincinnati, by contrast, seats only 30,274. Thus, a Yankee-Red Series would mean only \$11,000 to the winners and \$6,000 to the losers.

Players on teams finishing second, third and fourth in each league also would feel the squeeze. If the Dodgers played the Yankees, runners-up would get \$2,800, \$1,200 and \$715 each. With a Yankee-Red Series, however, they would get only \$1,900, \$875 and \$600. Some weeks you just can't lay up a nickel.

## NO ANSWER

The Government of the U.S. got badly burned when it tried to legislate drinking out of existence. Undaunted (or forgetful), Congress passed and last week President Kennedy signed bills aimed at curbing gambling in interstate commerce.

Under these new laws, you can be im-

prisoned for five years for carrying or sending across state lines records, ticket slips or other data used in bookmaking, the numbers game or sports wagering pools. Also, you can lose your telephone if it is used for bookmaking or other gambling.

One odd feature is that a person who furnishes a betting line on a baseball game, football game or fight goes to jail if he is giving the line to bookies—but he has a right to pass it along to coaches or similar athletic officials! Loopholes like this could make bootleggers—or lineleggers—out of colleagues.

For 13 long, raucous years, the American public circumvented an attempt to protect it from itself. The public will do so again, especially if it is made easy. Legislation against gambling excesses is laudable. But first it has to be well thought out. Above all it should be workable.

## UNNATURAL SELECTION

The late Bert Williams used to sing in revues:

"Syncopation rules this nation,  
You can't get away from it—ow!"

Now it looks as if automation rules this nation, and you can't get away from it, ow. The latest example is chugging



away at Georgia Tech where Tech Athletic Business Manager Bob Eskew, tired of losing friends and customers by his inability to give all of them priority at football games, has installed a computer stuffed with myriad electronic tubes. Fed the pertinent data, it comes up with who sits where. The machine asks some questions of its own: Is the prospective purchaser an alumnus? How much has he contributed to the college annually? Where did he sit last year,

continued



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Except for the microphone, the Fairchild Cinephonic looks like any other 8mm movie camera. It works like any other, too. With one amazing difference. This one takes sound!

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Most dealers offer attractive terms, plus a generous trade-in allowance on your old silent camera. Come in for a demonstration soon. Once you've seen how incredibly real Fairchild sound movies can be you'll never settle for 'silents' again.

**FAIRCHILD 8MM SOUND**

FAIRCHILD CAMERA AND INSTRUMENT CORPORATION

#### SCORECARD *continued*

and where does he want to sit this year?

Eskew's electronic football seater allot 28,985 seats in 30 minutes, a chore which last year took Eskew's staff six weeks. It shows no favoritism. It put one of its own operators, an inactive alumnus, at the bottom row of the South end zone, almost out of the stadium.

#### THE INSIDE TRACK

- Punch Imlach, manager-coach of the highly regarded Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team, has not yet named his team's representatives for the NHL's Oct. 7 All-Star game. Reason: many of his top players have not signed contracts for forthcoming season and All-Star selection by Imlach would boost salary demands.

- Rumor that Duke Snider will be one of Los Angeles Dodger expendables when National League starts to stock new franchises in New York and Houston now seems close to fact. In recent interview, Snider snapped, "Next year I'll be hitting in either New York or Houston."

- Watch for more grass racing in 1962 at America's Thoroughbred tracks. Officials have noted that fans like grass because form is more consistent than on dirt (57.9% of first- or second-betting choices have won at New York tracks this year), bigger fields come out for grass races—which means more mutual handle and more profits all around.

#### PRIVATE PROMISE

Sign discovered on a tree near a pond in Maine: "Anyone found near this private trout pond will be found there next morning."

#### SUPER-DUPER FUTURITY

The announcement from Chicago that a \$400,000 horse race will be upon us next season came as a surprise even to those who have been watching Thoroughbred racing's dollars-without-sense attitude of recent years. Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises, Inc., the operator of Arlington and Washington parks, has discarded two good races of past seasons, the Arlington and Washington futurities, and molded them into one tidy, inflationary package called the Arlington-Washington Futurity. CTE expects the race to pay \$400,000 in purse money for its first running next September, with the winner making about \$200,000.

The super-duper, big-money race is



all the rage now, and this new one merely serves to point up the silliness of the notion that the biggest money winners are always the best horses. In next year's Arlington-Washington Futurity, there will be payoffs of roughly \$75,000, \$50,000 and \$25,000 to the second-, third- and fourth-place finishers. When a horse can finish fourth and drag down \$25,000, a new and preposterous era has indeed dawned on racing.

#### MAIL-ORDER GOAL POSTS

The ancient American custom of yanking down the goal posts after a football game hardly seems worth anybody's high policy conference. But the Philadelphia Eagles and the Philadelphia police had one last week, and for good reason: a 14-year-old boy is still hospitalized a month after being conked in a goal-post melee at Municipal Stadium.

Police Commissioner Albert Brown announced that 150 policemen will be on hand for Eagle games and that anybody who goes on the field will be arrested. The Eagles, in turn, have agreed to provide for those infantile adults who simply must have a fragment of a goal post for their dreambook of memories. The club will tear down the posts after each game, splinter them up and put pieces in the mail to anyone who requests them. This may be a foolish idea, but is 100% guaranteed not to put any young boys in the hospital.

#### HELP THE HANDICAPPED

Leafing through the record books (isn't everyone?) we were bedazzled by the following: "Most Games Won, One Club, Two Bespectacled Pitchers, N.L.—41—Pittsburgh, 1927: Carmen P. Hill, 22, H. Lee Meadows, 19."

#### DOLPHINESE

There's a man around who for several years has been trying to talk to dolphins (known to most people as porpoises) and get them to answer. The common-sensical man might mutter, "I've got nothing to tell a dolphin," but Dr. John C. Lilly has good reason for studying the possibilities of interspecies language and cooperation. He tells it all in his new book *Man and Dolphin* (Doubleday & Company, Inc.).

Dr. Lilly used a system based mainly on rewards to make his friends respond and to gain their confidence. As peaceable as they are (there are no known instances of dolphins attacking man), it is pretty tough finding a common interest with a

*continued*



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Pan-Am's Capt. Gordon Wood (left) and Chief Pilot Sam Miller, Rolex owner's both, discuss a fine point of flight timing. Model is a space craft of the future.

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\*When case, crown and crystal are metal



American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## SCORECARD continued

dolphin. "They have no written records and make no artifacts," Dr. Lilly points out. "They lack hands like ours and are not building anything." Their transportation is built in and they can swim at 20 knots, covering thousands of sea miles in a few days in search of food and warm waters. They don't need to sleep as we do, because they don't have to resist gravity. Dr. Lilly finds them brighter than the chimpanzee, the dog, cat or rat, and to learn about them he suggests we abandon our smug idea that we are so superior.

If we can establish communication with dolphins—which so far he has done in primitive fashion—Dr. Lilly thinks we may learn from the experience to communicate in the future with forms of life on other planets. He also thinks we might even get the dolphins to cooperate as spies and transporters of nuclear warheads should we need them. The Communists may be up to that trick too—which brings up a fascinating question: Will the first talking dolphin shout, "Long live NATO!" or will he simply bark, "Nyet!"

### THEY SAID IT

- Russell Whitely, Miami heavyweight, after two straight knockout victories: "I haven't taken out no money yet. Me and my manager are saving my purses, and someday when we get enough we're going to buy me a robe."
- Athletic Director Bob Farris of George Washington University: "Last season our football team worked out right next to a canal. We could never throw to the right for fear of getting someone drowned. We were the only team in the nation with a trainer and a lifeguard."
- B. W. King Jr. of Graham, Texas, after his 10-year-old son shot at a dove, missed but sent a shower of feathers flying: "You've got it poked. Now if you can just get it killed, you've got it made."
- Baltimore Oriole President Lee MacPhail, on where he could be found if the big-money Yankee-Oriole series this week is rained out: "You can find me either on top of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge or under it, depending on how soon you get there."
- Dave Freed, captain of America's incompetent Davis Cup team: "I wasn't so upset the other day when a letter came addressed to 'David The Dope.' That's the privilege of all sports fans. But how did the post office know where to deliver the mail?"

END

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SEPTEMBER 25, 1963

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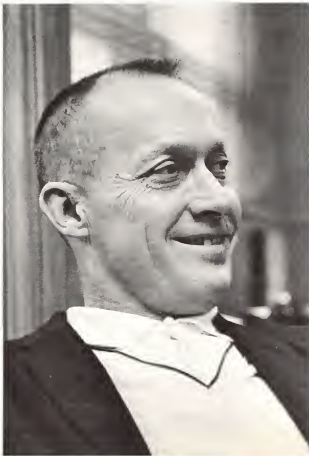


(don't you wish everybody did?)

# THE END OF THE AAU

Here is the first report of a secret revolution that seems certain to wreck the all-powerful Amateur Athletic Union. Coaches and athletes in two major sports are involved, among them 50 of the most distinguished U.S. track and field stars

by TEX MAULE



**DISSIDENT** Bill Bowerman of the University of Oregon is a member of the collegiate track coaches' powerful executive committee.

The sprawling Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, long in iron control of almost every amateur athlete in this country, began to die last week in a small room on the fourth floor of the Olympic House on Park Avenue in New York City. This room was the scene of the fourth meeting between AAU and National Collegiate Athletic Association officials. The NCAA is the governing body for major college athletics in the United States.

While the AAU will not die overnight, it cannot survive long. Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at the conclusion of the New York meeting: "The NCAA's articles of alliance with the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States were canceled some time ago. Since then we have met four times with the AAU in an effort to reach agreement on what our future relations will be. Our meetings have not been successful, and no additional meetings are planned."

At this moment members of the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association are being polled by their powerful executive committee on the advisability of severing relations with the AAU and forming a United States Track and Field Federation, which would have complete control of that sport in the U.S. Within the next few weeks, the NCAA basketball coaches are expected to leave the AAU and form their own autonomous basketball federation.

Says Byers of these movements: "Naturally, we are keenly interested in the action of the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association. This group is representative of the national interest in track and field and is an affiliated organization of the NCAA. In the area of basketball, we feel strongly that a new basketball federation should be organized, with the AAU only a part of it instead of the controlling body. We see a clear parallel between the situations in basketball and track and field."

The action of the track coaches was backed strongly by 50 of the best track and field athletes in the U.S. (see page

23), all of whom agreed to desert the AAU for the new body when it is formed. These athletes were polled by Dick Bunk, an editor of *Track & Field News*, who, admittedly, is no admirer of the AAU.

The Coaches Association (NCTCA) sent out its own questionnaire to 800 members. The questionnaire was preceded by a fierce indictment of the AAU, drafted by members W. J. (Bill) Bowerman, head track coach at the University of Oregon, and Don Canham, track

coach at Michigan and executive vice-president of the group. The statement, which reflects the growing dissatisfaction of track and field athletes as well as coaches, was endorsed by the 12-man executive committee. It read as follows:

"We, the executive committee of the NCTCA, in association with the athletes who have signified willingness to join the United States Track and Field Federation, feel that we will be better fitted to implement the physical fitness program

continued



PICTURE in AAU hierarchy is as paid secretary. Dan Fern, now serving his 47th year as an official of the national organization

advocated by President Kennedy and better able to prepare the track and field athletes of this nation for local, national and international competition by operating as an autonomous body. Hence, the members of this executive committee recommend that NCTCA no longer recognize the right of the AAU to suspend, penalize or levy dues upon any member of this organization, coach or athlete; nor recognize the right of the AAU to select track and field teams for international competition representing the United States. We intend to pursue this new program through existing collegiate bodies.

"This action is taken in order to place in the hands of those best fitted to assume it the responsibility for the development of track and field athletics of the United States.

"We feel that the AAU has failed in its obligation to further understanding and good will between the United States and foreign countries by its careless, often arrogant disregard of requests and invitations by foreign countries for American teams and by its poor handling of relations with foreign officials upon tours. We pledge the utmost cooperation now and henceforth with the U.S. State Department in furthering the good will and understanding between this and other nations which is so much a part of international competition.

"We pledge, too, the inauguration of a comprehensive program for the development of junior athletes in this country similar to the programs already put in operation by some of the members of this body."

The questions asked by the coaches were loaded, but they seemed eminently pertinent to a majority of members. Among them were the following:

"Are you satisfied with the method the AAU uses to select coaches for foreign trips (i.e., where one man accepts nominations from AAU committeemen only, takes a postcard vote, counts and announces the selection)?"

"Are you in favor of the present method of selecting Olympic coaches (whereby the AAU appoints an Olympic Committee, the members of which are allowed to vote for themselves)?"

"Do you think it would be better if the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association selected coaches for foreign trips?"

#### For or against?

The final question, and the most far-reaching one, was in the form of a ballot. "The National Collegiate Track Coaches Association of the United States, acting through its executive committee," it read, "hereby announces the formation of the United States Track and Field Federation, an organization composed of track coaches, friends of track and field and athletes. Are you in

favor of the organization, or opposed?"

According to Bowerman, one of the principal reasons for the widespread dissatisfaction with the AAU is the fact that the organization is controlled by a small group of men in New York and New Jersey. "They seem to be more concerned with perpetuating themselves in power than with the development of track and field," Bill Easton, coach of the University of Kansas track team, said recently. "This has become a political operation—in the selection of coaches for foreign trips, in the selection of sites for track meets and certainly in the selection of AAU officials. We've had the same ones ever since I can remember."

Dan Ferris, who is now the paid honorary secretary of the AAU, is a case in point. Ferris was made honorary secretary several years ago, after having served as secretary-treasurer of the organization for 30 years. Surely no more restrictive bylaw was ever drafted than the one that created the post of honorary secretary—for Ferris alone. Paragraph IV of Section 1 of the bylaws of the AAU reads: "The Honorary Secretary shall be elected by ballot by a majority vote at the annual meeting of the Board of Governors in the year 1957, and quadrennially thereafter, provided that one [the honorary secretary] must have been employed by the Union for a period of 30 years and shall have served at least half of that period as Secretary-Treasurer of the Union."



AMONG TOP U.S. ATHLETES CONCERNING AAU ARE (FROM LEFT) HURDLER LEE CALHOUN AND RUNNERS DYRROL BURLESON, JIM BEATTY

Columist Max Stiles commented in the *Los Angeles Mirror*, "Doesn't this kind of limit the field? The only man in the world who can qualify for the job as Honorary Secretary of the AAU under this astounding, fantastic restriction is Daniel J. Ferris. If he . . . stays on the job for another 21 years, Jim Simms [the present secretary-treasurer] might eventually make it. Ferris has complete jurisdiction over all American track athletes going abroad for international competition. It is also this same man who has complete control over whether foreign athletes may compete in this country, and, if so, in which meets they may participate. He is unimpeachable, unremovable and cannot be replaced. . . ."

Bowerman, long an outspoken critic of both Ferris and the AAU, feels that the handling of requests for American athletes to compete abroad has not only been slow but often capricious.

"I've been corresponding with Arthur Lydiard ever since the Olympic Games," Bowerman said recently. (Lydiard is the coach of the New Zealand team that won two gold medals at Rome.) "I got a letter from him the other day in which he asked me to find out what had happened to his request for four American athletes to compete in New Zealand this winter. He mailed the request to Ferris in April and he has not heard a word yet. But that's typical. When I wrote for permission for Dyrrol Burleson to go to New Zealand last year, I got the clearance

*continued*

## 50 ATHLETES WHO WILL LEAVE THE AAU

### Dick Atlessey, 110-meter hurdles

*World record 1930, 13.3*

### Bob Asant, high jump

*AAU champion 1961, 7 ft.*

### Rink Bakka, discus

*Olympic world record, 198 ft. 6½ in.*

### Jim Ball, 110 hurdles

*Among year's top 10, 13.8*

### Jim Beatty, middle distance

*Am. 1,500- and 5,000-meter record*

### Dyrrol Burleson, mile

*Am. mile record, 3:52.6*

### Lee Calhoun, 110 hurdles

*Olympic champion 1956, 1960*

### Al Cantello, javelin

*World record, 282 ft. 3½ in.*

### Rex Cawley, 400-meter hurdles

*Fastest mark in 1961, 49.9*

### Hal Connolly, hammer

*World record, 230 ft. 9 in.*

### Cliff Cushman, 400 hurdles

*Second at Rome Olympics*

### Dave Davis, shotput

*Third at U.S. Olympic trials*

### Otis Davis, 400 meters

*World record, 44.9*

### Bill Dellinger, 5,000 meters

*Am. 2-mile record, 8:43.8*

### Dave Edstrom, decathlon

*1959 Pan Am champion*

### Kent Floerke, hop, step and jump

*Among U.S. top 10, 52 ft. 2¼ in.*

### Jim Grelle, 1,500 meters

*AAU champion 1960, 3:42.7*

### John Gutknecht, 6 miles

*AAU champion 1961, 28:52.6*

### Al Hall, hammer

*Fourth, 1956 Olympics*

### Darrell Horn, broad jump

*Among top 10, 25 ft. 9¾ in.*

### Bob Humphreys, discus

*Fourth in U.S., 190 ft. 8 in.*

### Rafer Johnson, decathlon

*World record 1960, 8,683 points*

### Stoné Johnson, 200 meters

*Fifth at 1960 Olympics*

### Hayes Jones, 110 hurdles

*Fastest in world 1961, 13.6*

### Dallas Long, shotput

*Best in world, 1961, 64 ft. 7¾ in.*

### Ron Morris, pole vault

*Fourth best vault of all time, 15.8*

### Bobby Morrow, 100 and 200 meters

*Three gold medals 1956 Olympics*

### Phil Mulkey, decathlon

*Second at 1959 Pan Am Games*

### Bill Nieder, shotput

*World record 1960, 63 ft. 10 in.*

### Parry O'Brien, shotput

*Olympic champion 1952, 1956*

### Al Oster, discus

*Olympic record 1960, 194 ft. 1¾ in.*

### Mel Patton, 100 yards

*World record 1948, 9.3*

### Archie San Romani Jr., mile

*Sixth at U.S. Olympic trials*

### Bob Schul, steeplechase

*Among year's top 10, 8:47.8*

### Jerry Siebert, 800 meters

*Among year's top 5, 1:46.8*

### Jim Sikorsky, javelin

*Among U.S. top 5, 249 ft. 4½ in.*

### Jay Silvester, discus

*World record, 199 ft. 2½ in.*

### Eddie Southern, 400 hurdles

*Olympic record 1956, 30.1*

### Larry Stuart, javelin

*Best in U.S. this year, 252 ft. ¾ in.*

### Dave Styron, 100 yards

*Among top 10, 9.4*

### Don Styron, 220 hurdles

*World record, 21.9*

### Jerry Tarr, 120 hurdles

*1961 NCAA champion, 13.9*

### Charlie Tibbels, 100 and 200 meters

*NCAA 100, 200 champion, 1960*

### Max Truex, distances

*Am. 3-mile, 10,000-meter record*

### John Uelses, pole vault

*Sixth best of all time, 15 ft. 5 in.*

### Joel Wiley, broad jump

*Third best 1959, 26 ft. 2½ in.*

### Chuck Wilkinsen, javelin

*NCAA champion 1961, 247 ft. 8½ in.*

### Jack Yerman, 440 yards

*World record relay teams 1960*

### Earl Young, 400 meters

*World record relay teams 1960*

### George Young, steeplechase

*Am. record, 8:38.0*



ANOTHER IS SHOTPUTTER DALLAS LONG

from Ferris after Burley had already run in two meets in New Zealand."

The AAU has, in the past, been reluctant to give U.S. athletes permission to compete abroad during the winter months. Ferris turned down an application from the Amateur Athletic Union of Australia for six American athletes to compete during the Australian season. One must presume only that the Australian season conflicts with the big indoor meets in the East. Arthur J. Hodsdon, honorary secretary of the Australian group, wrote Dick Bank, after this incident:

"It is a fact that, over many years, our approaches to U.S. athletes through the AAU have been singularly unfruitful. We do feel that we have been shabbily treated, and the AAU was told just this in plain terms some time ago. . . ."

Disenchantment of the athletes with AAU management stems from a number of sources. Bobby Morrow, the U.S. triple-gold-medal winner in the 1956 Olympics, says: "The \$15-a-day expense account permitted athletes by the AAU is completely unrealistic. Let the AAU officials try and live like athletes, and they wouldn't waste any time trying to do something about it. On this kind of money the officials would have to cut out some of their cocktail parties."

#### Poor accommodations

Al Oerter, Olympic discus champion, voiced another of the big complaints of the athletes after the AAU championships at Randall's Island this summer. Oerter, along with eight other of the best U.S. athletes, refused to take the foreign tour sponsored by the AAU this summer. Said Oerter: "I don't want any trips where the AAU is concerned. They give you the run-around and the accommodations—for the athletes—are terrible."

The AAU is notorious for its egregious scheduling and the miserable transportation facilities it provides on foreign trips. The most recent case, which included four European meets in 16 days, was typical. Before the team left, Oliver Jackson, one of the assistant coaches, demanded that additional long-distance runners be taken. "I'll stay home if necessary," Jackson told Pincus Sober, the chairman of the AAU track and field committee. "You can use my seat for another runner. But if you do, I'd like to know why Dan Ferris is making this trip."



WALTER BYERS REPRESENTS NCAA'S VIEW



PETE NEWELL SPEAKS FOR BASKETBALL

"Dan is tired." Sober said. "He's been working hard. He needs a rest."

Possibly the worst example of mismanagement by the AAU, according to the rebellious coaches and athletes, occurred with the Olympic team of 1960. Pursuing a jet schedule with prejet equipment, the athletes flew to Europe on a propeller plane which took 14 hours, competed in Bern, Switzerland immediately after their arrival, then were crammed six to a compartment in a train that meandered down the length of Italy through the summer heat, taking some 14 more hours to arrive at Rome.

"I was lucky I didn't have to run until late in the Olympic Games," says Max Truex, who is America's best competitor at 10,000 meters. "The guys who had to compete early died. We didn't qualify anyone in the 5,000 meters or the half mile. And the guys got eliminated on times and distances that were far less than their best."

Jim Beatty, who is probably America's best runner at distances ranging from a mile to three miles, was one of the 5,000-meter runners who failed to qualify. "I felt dead," he said. "I couldn't move. A few days before I left the U.S., I had the best workout of my life."

The international governing body of basketball—Federation Internationale de Basketball Amateur—will consider ousting the AAU as U.S. basketball representative at its next meeting. This came about as the result of the last meeting of

this group in Rome when an organization known as the National Basketball Committee, which represents most U.S. basketball groups, asked to be considered the U.S. international representative in place of the AAU. The central board of FIBA told the AAU and the NBA to go home and settle the matter of jurisdiction between themselves. The two organizations will meet in Chicago on October 2, and the AAU is clearly outnumbered.

"We have long felt a real delinquency in the leadership of the AAU," says Pete Newell, now athletic director at the University of California and the American Olympic basketball coach. "They have weakened us in national prestige. It is almost impossible to get AAU sanction for a basketball tour by a college team."

The colleges, obviously, provide almost all the basketball players for international competition, just as they provide almost all the track and field athletes. While it is a foregone conclusion that the NCAA, in combination with the YMCA and other groups, will control U.S. representation in international competition after the forthcoming October meeting, Ferris is not convinced. Following the NCAA-AAU meeting in New York, he said: "There are always people who are out and who want to be ins. But they can't take over from the AAU. We are members of the International Amateur Athletic Federation. The NCAA is ineligible to be a member of an international



al group. It controls only undergraduates. The AAU is the recognized governing body of sports in the U.S. I don't believe the IAAF would oust the AAU."

Ferris spoke bravely but without much recollection of recent sports history. A precedent for the recognition of a governing body other than the AAU was established as long ago as 1947, when the ice hockey interests in this country left the AAU, and, more importantly, gained the recognition of an international group in doing so. Under the leadership of Walter Brown, hockey players and coaches petitioned the world body in control of the sport, Ligue Internationale de Hockey sur Glace, for recognition outside of the AAU. No decision was made, and both the new federation and the AAU sent teams to the Winter Olympics in 1948. The LIHG thereupon rejected the AAU team, accepted the dissidents and since then, ice hockey has been autonomous.

Those who are backing control of individual sports by the people who play them and coach them rather than by the AAU point out that of all the nations in the world, only the U.S. has a single governing body for all of amateur athletes. In all other nations, each sport is governed by its own specialists.

"The most obvious people to instruct in track and field are the college coaches of America," says Canham. "These are men dedicated to track. They do not make much money. Their lives are spent in teaching kids how to run and throw and compete. As of now, they are under the thumb of the AAU. The deal is that the NCAA provides the coaches, the AAU provides the management. We can manage our own tours. The coaches are better fitted to manage than the AAU people. We travel first-class with college athletes. The AAU travel arrangements are something far less than first-class."

The big problem facing the rebel track and field and basketball groups is primarily one of organization. It is not enough to castigate the worn machinery of the AAU. A new and better organization must be offered, with safeguards against the abuses which are leading to the downfall of this venerable organization.

"We'll have to worry about getting money to finance a national championship meet," says Bill Bowerman. "I think we can get that in Seattle this year. They wanted the national championships a couple of years ago, but they wouldn't take it under AAU sponsorship. To guard against the AAU type of abuses

we want to establish a committee of six coaches, which will be changed every four years, to pick Olympic coaches and coaches for foreign trips. And, on this committee, no member can vote for himself. Another thing. In our bylaws it will be clearly stated that once a coach has been named for the Olympic job, he's through. No more foreign tours. He can serve on the selection committee, but not on a foreign trip as a coach."

This would end one of the chief complaints about the old system. Larry Snyder of Ohio State, who was the coach of the U.S. Olympic team, also coached the team which went to Russia in 1958. Although it was not well publicized, Snyder, after his Olympic coaching job, went to Europe again this year as coach of the U.S. military team.

"We've got enough young, good coaches," says Canham. "We don't have to go back to the same guys year after year to find talent to coach our traveling teams."

Sober, after the abortive meeting with the NCAA last Friday, said: "I admit that there's lots of politicking in the choice of a coach. A lot of it is by the NCAA. But the best politeness makes the trips."

Hopefully, no more.

END

ONE OF MANY COMPLAINTS OF THE REBELS IS OVERSTAFFING OF MEETS. HERE A GAGGLE OF AAU OFFICIALS PONDER A FINISH



# S O S—AND A QUICK RECOVERY

For most of last week Roger Maris looked as if he needed help desperately in his assault on Ruth's record, but then in Detroit he regained his batting eye

by WALTER BINGHAM



OVER MARIS' HEAD IN COMiskey PARK,

It is possible that someday Roger Maris will be able to walk across a street without shaking a dozen hands, speak a simple sentence without being quoted from coast to coast or swing a bat without having his picture taken. But last week such privacies were not possible. Everywhere he went he was engulfed in a fury of excitement.

There was little privacy, either, for Mickey Mantle, but as the week passed and he failed to gain ground on his teammate, the focus of attention slowly shifted from the two of them to Maris alone.

For both, the week began in Chicago in the rain. It rained all Tuesday (the edge of Hurricane Carl), and by evening much of Comiskey Park was under water. But this would be the Yankees' last series in town, and the park was sold out. So sand was scattered on the field, and the game went on. Although White Sox pitchers had given up 17 home runs to Maris and Mantle, Manager Al Lopez gave his staff no special instructions before the first game. "Most pitchers try the same thing," he said. "Fast balls

high and tight, curves low and away. If you can get the ball where you want it, you're all right. If you can't . . ." Lopez threw up his hands.

Most of the White Sox said they hoped Maris or Mantle would break the record—somewhere else. "Nobody wants to hear his name brought up all the time with something detrimental," said Billy Pierce. "I don't think the guy who gives up the first home run will be kidded so much by other players as by the press and fans," said Frank Baumann. Don Larsen said he didn't give a damn whether or not either made it, but Russ Kemmerer did. "They're of our generation," he said.

The Tuesday night game was stopped after five and a half innings when the rain started again. Against Left-handers Pierce and Baumann, Maris walked, struck out, singled and fouled out to first. Mantle struck out, drove a ball deep to center and singled on a 3-0 pitch. It was the first of several 3-0 pitches that Maris and Mantle were to swing at during the week. "I wouldn't say they're

always on their own," said Manager Ralph Houk. "We've still got a pennant to win and that's our first concern. I can't worry about records, and I'm not going to move them up to the first two spots in the batting order. I don't want to upset the balance of the team."

It continued to rain on Wednesday. The game was started but had to be stopped in the third inning, so the next day there was a double-header. It was cold and gray and windy, but at least it had stopped raining. The anemometer in the Chicago press box registered a 30-mile-per-hour wind blowing from the northwest straight at the right-field stands. "If I can just get some good wood on the ball and get it up," Maris said just before the game. "That's the problem."

It was a long, depressing afternoon for both Maris and Mantle. The first game started at 1:30, and the second game was not over until after 7. The Yankees lost both. Maris hit three singles, but not once did he get the ball up into the strong wind. Mantle did, twice, but each



WHERE HE HIT NO HOMERS, IS FIRST WORD OF SIGN: HELP KEEP CHICAGO CLEAN

time the ball was caught just short of the fence. Maris struck out once, fishing for a bad pitch. "He's so tight up there he can't move," Umpire Hank Soar was quoted as saying.

That night the Yankees flew to Detroit in a chartered plane, arriving after midnight. Not many hours later, they were back on the field, ready to play another double-header. It was a sunny day and the Yankees were able to take batting practice for the first time since they left New York. Maris drove several balls deep into the upper grandstand. "I can do it in batting practice," he muttered tensely.

The Yankees did better than they had the day before, winning one of the two games, but once again Maris and Mantle hit no home runs. Maris went out eight straight times, hitting the ball well only once, before getting a single the last time up. Mantle again hit the ball hard but was unlucky. Three times he drove balls to deep center field, and one might have been a home run in Chicago the day before. In Detroit it was only a

double, and the other two were caught. Detroit pitchers walked Mantle three times. Ron Kline did it twice, the day before, he had said, "I think the guy who gives up the 61st home run will make a lot of money."

In their dressing room the Yankees were sullen. Maris, bothered by his lack of home runs and a verbal brush with a belligerent Detroit fan, sat in the training room, off limits to reporters, talking with his brother. When one of the reporters spoke to Houk, challenging the brother's right to be in the training room, Houk lost control of his temper.

"Look," he said, "I'm going to give you the whole story right now. He didn't hit a home run. He did hit one single, broke one bat and cussed out one fan. That's it." Then he began untying his shoelaces furiously.

Mantle was taking his disappointment with grace. He had needed a big day, two or three home runs, to have a chance at the record. Now, with 53, he needed eight more in the five games remaining in the 154-game limit set by Ford Frick.

"I'm out of it," he said.

"Willie Mays hit four in one game this year," a reporter said.

"O.K.," Mantle said. "If I hit four tomorrow, I'm back in it. But Lary's pitching tomorrow and he doesn't throw underhand."

Frank Lary did pitch for Detroit the next day. "I hope Maris breaks Ruth's record," he had said the day before. "That would shut up some of those oldtimers who think we can't play the game as well as they did."

In the first inning Lary walked Maris on four straight pitches. Although Lary has beaten the Yankees for Detroit many times over the years and although he has won 20 games this year, the large crowd exploded with boos.

The next time Maris came to bat, it was the third inning and there were two out with a runner on first. Lary threw another ball, his fifth straight, and again the boos began. Maris smoothed the dirt around the plate, took his stance and waited. Lary threw again, a fast ball, and this time Maris swung. There was a loud, rich crack and the ball rose up and out toward right field. Al Kaline, Tiger right-fielder, took one step back and then turned to watch. The ball hit the green facade a few feet below the roof of the stadium and bounded back on the field. Kaline picked it up and threw it toward the Yankee dugout, a souvenir for Maris of his 57th home run of the season.

After the game the Yankee dressing room was cheerful again, even though the team had lost. Reporters surrounded Maris. On the other side of the room Ralph Terry watched the scene. "You know," he said, "someday I'm going to be telling everybody that I was on the same team with that guy. It'll really be something to talk about."

On Sunday the Tiger pitcher was Jim Bunning, who had said, ominously, that Maris would not hit any home runs off him. The Bunning method was simple: he walked Maris twice. But in the 12th, against Relief Pitcher Terry Fox, Maris hit his 58th, and the Yankees won 6-4.

At the end of the week, because of his quick recovery, Maris was in fair position to catch Ruth within Frick's arbitrary limit of 154 games. In any case, he now had an excellent chance to set a new season's record in home runs, which is undoubtedly what baseball fans would remember. **END**

# BIG JACK LEADS A NEW NEW WAVE

Blond and awesome Mr. Nicklaus wins the National Amateur, as expected, while a band of fellow college boys unexpectedly overpowers one of the tournament's finest fields

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Championship golf is considered to be a game where the poise and experience of older players pays off with victory, but by the quarter-final round of the National Amateur at lengthy, lovely and frightening Pebble Beach last week it was the youngsters who had driven their elders right off the course.

The field was one of the strongest ever to compete in six decades of such Amateurs. It included not only the best U.S. amateurs, but England's, too. Yet when the 200 starters had been weeded down to eight, five of the eight were 23 years old or younger. They had contended with the fog, the rain, the cliffs and the surf of this famous oceanside course with a skill that could give pause to the touring pros. It was unnerving in watching them to realize that Arnold Palmer, at 32, is a bit of an old man with some excellent young challengers behind him, should they turn professional.

The best of them all at Pebble Beach was, of course, the winner, Jack Nicklaus. The quality of Jack's golf as he overpowered, literally, the seven opponents he met on his way to the title equaled the finest ever seen at the Amateur. After drawing an opening-round bye on Monday, he played 136 holes in the next five days. At the end of that exacting period he was 19 strokes under par on a course that ranks among the most difficult in this country.

By now there can be little argument with the judgment of Charles Lawrie, the British Walker Cup captain, who calls this Ohio State senior "far and away the greatest amateur golfer of our time." A mere 21 years old, Nicklaus has already won the Amateur twice, although Deane Beman, all of 23 himself, managed to take the title away from Jack last year. In 1960 Nicklaus came within a stroke of winning the U.S. Open Cham-



PLEASED NICKLAUS SITS SERENELY WITH TROPHY HE HAS NOW WON TWICE

friendship, which no amateur has won since 1933, and this year he finished fourth in the Open.

What the statistics fail to show is the tremendous excitement that this beefy 210-pounder generates as a golfer and the warmth that he gives out as a person. Every time he hits the ball he seems to bash it with all the strength in his broad and meaty body, and his timing is so precise that he can do on shot after shot without losing his control. Few pros, and no other amateur, can hit the ball with such force. Yet around the greens his touch is delicate, and he is good, if not great, with his rusty old putter.

Off the golf course Nicklaus is a genial, pleasant young man. Like Palmer, he has the knack of saying the most graceful thing at just the right moment. Thus, when he received his trophy last Saturday, happy Jack made a pleasant little acceptance speech and added, "I want to thank the galleries, too. The galleries that were cheering for me, and the galleries that weren't."

#### Collegians heat the cuppers

By Thursday, when the field was down to the eight quarter-finalists, Nicklaus and Joe Carr, the durable Irishman who has won three British Amateur titles, were the only headliners left. Gone, except for Carr, were the British Walker Cup players who had been manhandled by the U.S. two weeks before in Seattle. Gone, too, were seven members of the U.S. Walker Cup team plus such able amateurs as Billy Joe Patton, Bill Campbell and Ward Wetlaufer. And it was largely unknown young collegians who had done the damage.

Patton beat Beman, who is not a long hater and did not much care for this Monterey Peninsula course. Then 21-year-old Dick Sikes, the new public links champion, beat Patton. Horvic Ward, who won this tournament in 1955 and 1956, lost to 22-year-old Dudley Wysoong, the eventual runner-up. Charlie Coe, also a two-time winner, was beaten by 23-year-old Gene Francis, who was helped when one of Coe's shots landed in the top of a pine tree in the 18th fairway and did not come down.

With Nicklaus, Carr, Francis and Wysoong in the quarter-finals were two Louisiana State University students, Marion Methvin, 21, and Sam Carmichael, 20, along with two comparative oldsters, Charles Smith (30) and Richard Norville (33).

Carmichael, whose convex profile and

long, loose-jointed gait gave him the look of a young Stan Musial, is another of that forbidding crop of college golfers. He can hit the ball almost as far as Nicklaus, he has considerable poise, and he gave Nicklaus a brief scare.

Through the first seven holes, the Nicklaus-Carmichael match produced some of the finest golf of the tournament. They halved the first five holes with four pars and a birdie, and on the long, uphill par-5 6th hole Carmichael's birdie 4 gave him a 1-up lead that he held to the 8th. Until this point both men had been playing flawlessly.

On the treacherous 8th hole at Pebble Beach the second shot must be hit across a chasm where Carmel Bay cuts deep into the fairway. Carmichael pushed his four-iron down the side of the cliff and finally conceded the hole after some frustrated hacking around the California rocks. He never regained the lead.

Then Wysoong, a lean Southwesterner from McKinney, Texas, showed why he deserved a closer look than any of the anti-Nicklaus boys, and not just because he won himself the runner-up medal. He has a very handsome, upright golf swing, and he seems to survive under pressure. In his semifinal match against Joe Carr, which he won on the 36th hole in a cliff-hanger that had no parallel all week, Wysoong refused to fold when Carr, an extraordinary competitive golfer, was on the verge of overtaking him after being far behind. Against Nicklaus, Wysoong played steady and gutsy golf through the rainstorm that dampened the morning round of the final, but he just wasn't golfer enough to stand up to relentless Jack. He eventually lost 8 and 6.

Wysoong, whose father is a doctor, spent a year at SMU, but now works as an advertising salesman in Sherman, Texas. He credits fellow Texan Byron Nelson, a friend of his father's, with smoothing out some of the rough spots in his game, and he obviously considers golf as more than a friendly pastime. Standing 5 feet 11 and weighing a broad-shouldered, flat-stomached 170 pounds, he looks ever so much like many of the other burr-headed young golfers who now populate the troupe of touring professionals, and we probably can expect to see him among them before too long.

In fact, the pro tour must be the goal of many of the young men at Pebble Beach. To play the kind of golf they do requires a dedication that most men give only to a career.

END



SWINGING QUARTER-FINALISTS Methvin (above) and Wysoong upset older players.







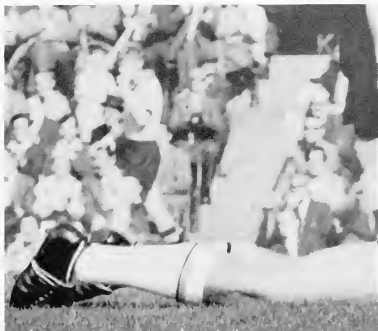
# For Compressible Girls

*Photographs by Christa*

If these bathing beauties are competent evidence, stretchable suits and compressible girls will be the fashion in 1962. What stretch did before for skiers (and skier watchers) it now promises to do for bathers. The stretchable stuff that makes it possible is spandex—a fiber that is like rubber, only better. Spandex, say those who know, makes curvaceous Betty Grable's celebrated Lastex suit look like a girld without garters.

These spandex suits (*far left by Catalina, above by Elizabeth Stewart*) weigh less than five ounces and can be pulled through a wedding ring, if anyone cares to try. But suit designers will not depend on spandex alone to combine a minimum of fabric with a maximum of girl. New suits will also sport asymmetric panels (*above*) and a variety of wacky cut-outs (*left, by Rudl Gerweich*) that should force every girl to collect half a dozen just to keep her tan evenly spread.

# Oh...!





Oh ...! what? Nobody could hear what Goalkeeper Lawrie Leslie was saying as he drove his fist into the turf of a soccer field in West Ham, England, and it was probably just as well. As the smaller pictures show, Leslie, a lithe 26-year-old Scot, had done his utmost to guard his goal. But in the attempt to block an

opponent's kick, Leslie mistimed his horizontal dive. The ball skittered around him and bounced into the net. Not even bothering to raise himself from the hostile ground, Goalkeeper Leslie unleashed his passionate self-reproach in frustrated gesture and one or two, or maybe even three, words of bitter disappointment.



## Tied to be Fit

This looks like a fraternity initiation thought up by an entrance committee that wanted to keep its membership to a minimum. Actually, it is a survival exercise for Peace Corps volunteers. Besides learning how to be ingratiating in foreign lands, corpsmen are given training in "drownproofing," a course devised by Fred Linnou of Georgia Tech. The swimmer slowly bobs with a minimum of movement, releasing breath just before he emerges, then sucking in more air at the top. If he manages this, he can look forward to having his feet tied as well as his hands.

*Photograph by Farrell Grebow*



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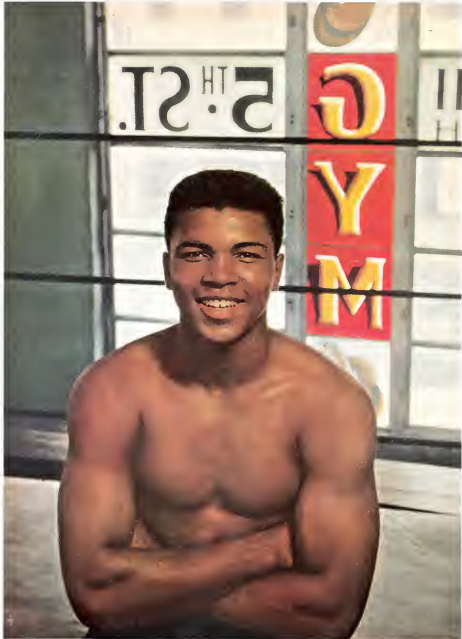
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by HUSTON HORN

## 'WHO MADE ME— IS ME!'

**This claim is made by Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., a bubbling young boxer whose nerve is colossal and whose modest aim is to knock the heavyweight crown off Floyd Patterson's head**

The clapboard house at 3302 Grand Avenue, Louisville is a commonplace dwelling one story high and four rooms deep. The ornamental frame of the front screen door was curlicued by hand with a scroll saw, and the concrete steps to the gray front porch are painted in stripes, red, white and blue.

"Don't bother your head about that house," says Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., 19 going on 20, the lyrical young man, lyrically named, who grew up there. "One of these days they're liable to make it a national shrine. Only by that time I'll be long gone, man, living it up on the top of a hill in a house that cost me \$100,000. You'll find me out by the swimming pool, and I'll be talking to a bunch of little boys sitting in a circle around my feet. 'Boys,' I'll say to them, 'I was just a poor boxer once, as I reckon you already know. Only I was a very fine boxer, one of the finest that ever lived. And right there's how come I could move out of that little house down there on Grand Avenue and build this big one up here on the hill.'"

For the present, of course, Cassius Clay is still just a boxer, still just an unsophisticated Olympic gold medalist (he won the light heavyweight championship in the Olympic Games a year ago) who has turned professional and hasn't run out of luck. How very fine a fighter he is remains to be seen, but for Cassius, humbly backed as he is by 11 influential businessmen, it is merely a matter of months before he fulfills the prophecy fluorescently and unconventionally spelled out in a sign in a tavern he leases in Louisville's east end. Cassius himself

composed it with stick-on letters, and it reads:

WORLD-HEAVY-WEIGHT  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
FLOYD-PATTERSON,  
V. S.  
CASSIUS-CLAY ★  
➡19-62

What the sign refrains from concluding, Cassius is glad to supply: when the epic fight is over, proud Floyd Patterson the Champion will skulk from the ring as poor Floyd Patterson the Ex. Cassius Clay will thereupon settle the world heavyweight boxing crown on his own handsome head, and from that day forward will wear it for all it is worth—which, for him, is everything.

"Like last Sunday," said Cassius, the unashamed, unequivocal materialist, not long ago. "Some cats I know said, 'Cassius, Cassius, come on now and let's go to church; otherwise you won't get to Heaven.' 'Hold on a minute,' I said

to them, 'and let me tell you something else. When I've got me a \$100,000 house, another quarter million stuck in the bank and the world title latched onto my name, then I'll be in Heaven. Walking around making \$25 a week, with four children crying at home 'cause they're hungry, *that's* my idea of Hell. I ain't studying about either one of them catching up with me in the graveyard.'"

Thus freed from the ordinary man's care for life's hereafter, bachelor Cassius Clay is a free spirit swinging through the here and now with an ebullient, epigrammatic personality. When held to the light, the colors dance off that personality as from the imprisoned patterns of a *millefiori* glass paperweight. "Everything in this life is made to suit the women," says Cassius the social philosopher. "If the women come, the men got to follow, ain't that so? So to get a good gate, I wear these pretty white shoes and these shiny white trunks, and the women says, 'Land, ain't he nice and neat.'"

continued

Photograph by Flo Schulte

ALIVE WITH CONFIDENCE, CASSIUS CLAY GRINS IN MIAMI BEACH GYM

The women don't like the sight of blood either, so I make sure they never see none of mine by not getting hit." Cassius the phrasemaker may say: "It's either get rich in three hours or get poor in eight." He means by this that training to be a boxer may be tedious and inconvenient but it beats working. Cassius the humorist sometimes discusses his ring strategy this way: "I like to hit a guy with two fast left jabs, a right cross and then a big left hook. If he's still standing after that—and if it ain't the referee that's holding him up—I runs." But the most typical Cassius is the boy with the big innocent brown eyes and the monumental, redomestade conceit. Says this one: "I got the height, the reach, the weight, the physique, the speed, the courage, the stamina and the natural ability that's going to make me great. Putting it another way, to beat me you got to be greater than great."

Putting it that way, it figures that such heavyweight favorites as Patterson and Sonny Liston could easily establish themselves as greater than great against Clay, for Cassius is not the awesomely proficient fighter he says he is. (No one really believes he believes all he says.) But if the overenthusiastic self-appreciation he expresses sounds somewhat precocious at this stage of his career, it must be recognized that he is still physically and mentally immature. He has been boxing (and marveling at his talent) since he was 12 years old, or for a third of his lifetime, but he is still a boy with some growing up to do and still a boxer with some learning to do. Says a friend of his named Archie Moore: "Cassius has quite a bit of hard-knock studying ahead of him."

Cassius has, in fact, fought only eight times professionally, and in every case his opponents were chosen not because they would draw a big crowd but because it could be reasonably concluded in advance that they would either keel over or succumb to the blind staggers after a few fast rounds with the boy wonder. So far the has-beens or never-weres he has fought have accommodated Clay's matchmakers. But the ninth, Alex Mitoff, who will fight Clay October 7 on national television in Louisville, may fail to acquit himself the same way. "Frankly," says Cassius, whose most creditable victory to date was that Olympic triumph over a bamboozled left-handed Pole, "there ain't one of these profes-

sionals has been a real match for me yet and old Mitoff don't scare me either. But let's face another fact, I couldn't last one round with any of them if I was fighting like I did as an amateur. That shows I'm learning, and learning fast."

However fast Cassius is learning now, he and his parents, aided by hindsight, tend to embroider the theme that he was marked for heavyweight supremacy from the day he was born, Jan. 18, 1942. "He came into this world with a good body and a big head that was the image of Joe Louis," says his father, Cassius Marcellus Clay Sr. (The Cassius Clays inherited their name from forebears who were the slaves of C. M. Clay, a Kentucky politician and a kinsman of Henry Clay.) "That made me real proud. I loved Joe Louis. When he was fighting, all the world stood still to listen to the radio, you dig? It ain't like that no more."

Cassius' mother, Odessa, says, "I remember when people used to say, 'My oh my, your boy sure looks like he's going to be a boxer,' and him only six months old. I'd say, 'Aw, go on.'" Young Cassius showed other signs of fulfilling the promise his parents and neighbors saw in him. His first words as a baby were "pee-gee"—which became his nickname—because, says Cassius today, "I wanted to let folks know I was on my way up to the Golden Gloves." Cassius gained weight fast by eating Wheaties, the Breakfast of Champions, out of a serving bowl ("Eating and sleeping, that's the hardest work that boy ever did," says his father); he became the neighborhood marbles champion ("Where I learned to shoot my right") and an expert rock fighter ("where I learned to duck").

One day when Cassius was 12 he reported to a policeman that his new bicycle had been stolen. "I betcha we paid almost \$60 for that wheel," Odessa Clay still likes to say, tormenting herself. The policeman, whose name was Joe Martin, was giving boxing lessons in a community gymnasium operated by Louisville's Department of Recreation. Martin was sorry about Clay's swiped bike, but, as he confesses today, he felt less like finding it than teaching the powerfully built, aggressive little boy to box. So persuasive was his sales pitch that Cassius practically gave up cycling on the spot and showed up next day at the gym, towing his 10-year-old brother, Rudolph Valentino Clay (who, on the basis of evidence presented on television, considers himself aptly named). "We never saw hide nor hair of that wheel again," says

Mrs. Clay, a little disconsolately, "and precious little more of my boys."

Joe Martin, 55, wears Louisville Police Department Badge No. 474 and collects coins from parking meters to earn his monthly salary of \$408. (Teen-ager Clay draws a monthly allowance of \$400 from his sponsors.) Martin has done more than any other man to develop Cassius' talent, but he is no longer associated with the boy and, should Cassius ever become rich and famous, Martin's chest may swell up but his pocketbook won't. "In the past 20 years I guess I've taught 10,000 boys to box, or at least tried to teach them," says Martin. "Cassius Clay, when he first began coming around here, looked no better or worse than the majority. Ahead a year later, though, you could see that the little smart aleck—I mean, he's *always* been sassy—had a lot of potential. He stood out because, I guess, he had more determination than most boys, and he had the speed to get him someplace."

During the six years Cassius fought as an amateur in Louisville, most of that time under the tutelage of Martin, he appeared in 141 fights, an average of close to one match every fortnight. Of these, he lost only seven. Eventually, Cassius won six Golden Gloves titles in Kentucky, and in 1960 won the national Golden Gloves heavyweight title in New York City.

Cassius will half-heartedly admit that his ascension was not all his own doing, but then he adds: "Man, it's like everything else. All the time somebody is telling me, 'Cassius, you know I'm the one who made you.' I know some guys in Louisville who used to give me a lift to the gym in their car when my motor scooter was broke down. Now they're trying to tell me they made me, and how not to forget them when I get rich. And my daddy, he tickles me. He says, 'Don't listen to the others, boy; I made you.' He says he made me because he fed me vegetable soup and steak when I was a baby, going without shoes, he says, to pay the food bill, and arguing with my mother who didn't want me eating them things so little. My daddy also says he made me because he saved me from working so I could box—I've never worked a day in my life—and he made me this and he made me that. Well, he's my father and he's the boss, and I have to pay attention. If I had a child who got rich and famous, I know I'd want to cash in too, like my daddy, and I

*continued*



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## WHO MADE ME *continued*

guess more teen-agers ought to realize what they owe their folks. But listen here. When you want to talk about who made me, you talk to me. Who made me is me."

Whoever it was ("Let's just say he fell off the Christmas tree, a gift-wrapped champion," says Joe Martin sourly), Cassius was on his own when he proved at the Olympics that he was the best amateur boxer in the business. With the frilly, hands-down, showboat style he affected as an amateur and the elaborate dance patterns he used to flit away from danger, he chi-chi-chied through three rounds with the Polish boy and reduced him to bloody defenselessness. Given a gold medal and, in his mind, a green light to become an international celebrity, he spent the rest of his time in Rome making himself one of the best-known, best-liked athletes in the Olympic Village. "You would have thought he was running for mayor," said one teammate. "He went around introducing himself and learning other people's names and swapping team lapel pins. If they'd had an election, he would have won it in a walk." Says Cassius: "Don't get the wrong idea about all the hand-shaking I did over there. I'm not friendly because I want people to help me; I'm friendly because that's how I am."

One day after winning the gold medal (which Cassius has since worn so much, caressed so much and displayed so much that its thin 22-carat gold plate has worn down to the silver core beneath) the champion was interviewed by a Soviet newspaperman. "This Commie cat comes up," Cassius relates, "and says, 'Now how do you feel, Mr. Clay, that even though you got a gold medal you still can't go back to the U.S. and eat with the white folks because you're a colored boy?' I looked him up and down once or twice, and standing tall and proud, I said to him: 'Tell your readers we've got qualified people working on that problem, and I'm not worried about the outcome. To me, the U.S.A. is still the best country in the world, counting yours. It may be hard to get something to eat sometimes, but anyhow I ain't fighting alligators and living in a mud hut.' This cat said, 'You really mean that?' and I said, 'Man, of course I mean it. Who do you think I am?' Poor old Commie, he went dragging off without nothing to write the Russians." (Cassius, who can sometimes be discreet and

practical beyond his years, has avoided any discussion of segregation since he became the business property of Southern white men. "I don't join any groups or nothing because it might embarrass my sponsors," he says. One day recently at a root beer stand in New Orleans, he was served in a paper cup while his white companion merited a heavily frosted glass mug. "Only thing I got to say," said Cassius, "is when I get a nightclub someday like I hope to, my ticket taker is going to be color-blind. All he will look at is your money.")

As soon as Clay returned from Rome to his home and the patriotic point stripes his father had applied to the front steps, he was approached by assorted trainers and managers hoping to take over his professional career. At the time, however, Cassius was thinking about signing a contract with Louisville's Billy Reynolds, a millionaire vice-president of the Reynolds Metals Co. who had known him for two years. Surprisingly, however, Cassius turned down the lucrative 10-year contract Reynolds was offering—mostly because Joe Martin was to figure in Reynolds' plan as a sort of right-hand adviser. For personal reasons—jealousy and so on—Cassius Sr. and Martin nurse a mutual animus, and the senior Clay refused to approve the contract.

In less time than it took to count Reynolds out, a new proposal was made to the Clays. Where before there had been but one rich man, now there were 11, seven of whom had made their first million or better. All Louisville executives with the exception of one New Yorker, the 11 had combined themselves into a syndicate with pooled assets of some 25,000 tax-deductible dollars. Their contract offered Cassius a \$10,000 bonus to sign, a \$4,000 no-strings guarantee for two years, liberal training allowances and 50% of all earnings.

For a young boxer's first contract, the money offered was singularly impressive, and so were the men putting it up. Principal organizer of the syndicate was Bill Faversham Jr., who had boxed at Grot-on and Harvard. Faversham, a vice-president of Louisville's Brown-Forman distillery (Old Forester, Jack Daniel's) and a big, hustling man of breezy temperament, sold the syndicate idea to such other Louisville friends as W. L. Lyons Brown, a onetime boxer at the Naval Academy and now the Brown of Brown-Forman; William Cutchins, the president of Brown-Williamson Tobacco Co.

(continued)

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 with football schedules, other sport and style information  
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**WHO MADE ME** continued

(Raleighs, Viceroy's); and Vertner D. Smith Jr., the chairman of a liquor distributing company.

By a most curious set of circumstances, as syndicate members enjoy pointing out, Cassius Clay's mother once cooked for Vertner Smith's wife, and Cassius Clay's aunt, says Lyons Brown, "cooks for my double first cousin." But even without these imponderables, Cassius and his parents were inclined to accept the terms; "the way they talked, the way they carried themselves, the amount of money they had" was enough.

**B**ecause none of the syndicate men have had any previous first-hand experience with professional boxing, it is easy to suppose that they have undertaken the development of Cassius' career for much the same reason that other men buy race horses or women buy gold charms for their bracelets. Even Cassius, though somewhat in awe of his sponsors (a few of whom he has never met), speculates cheerfully that all they want "is to get their change back and a chance to impress their friends by saying, 'That's my boy; after the fight I'll take you back to the dressing room to meet the new champ.' " Regardless of motive, it is logical to suppose that nothing much better could have happened to Cassius Clay.


"In Cassius," said Bill Faversham the other day, "we saw a good local boy with a clean background from start to finish. With the proper help and encouragement, he could bring credit to himself and his home town. There are plenty of wolves who would leap at the chance to get their paws on Cassius, to exploit him and then to drop him. We think we can bring him along slowly, get him good fights and make him the champion he wants to be."

In its measured, orderly program to bring Cassius up from the bottom, the syndicate began more or less at the top. For what was described as a "most reasonable fee," Cassius began his professional training under the direction of Archie Moore, the light-heavyweight champion of 3/50 of the U.S. and the rest of the world. For six weeks last fall, Cassius thrived in the company of the urbane Archie at his San Diego camp. "Then I got homesick," says Cassius. "I was too far away out there." Says Archie: "Well that's the way of a boxer, they're restless types, especially when they're young like that and unmarried, so I didn't stand in

continued



*Orchid girl at Rainbow Falls — Hilo, Island of Hawaii*

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**I'll be  
seeing you soon  
in the Islands  
of Hawaii**

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a garment. The main body of the garment features a classic houndstooth pattern, consisting of interlocking dark and light shapes. The collar is made of a ribbed material, likely a different fabric or a different weave, and has a single dark button visible. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of the fabrics.

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TO KEEP  
WARM WHEN  
IT'S WINTRY  
OUTSIDE  
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his way. He was coming along real good, though."

Mary Jenson, LaMar Clark's manager (and Gene Fullmer's, too) and a reputable critic, has said of Clay, "He has the fastest hands I've ever seen on a heavy-weight anywhere." Archie Moore doesn't lay it on so thick. "He's not as fast as Patterson," says Moore, who, unlike Jenson, has seen Floyd's hands banging away at his own face. Angelo Dundee, a Miami trainer next hired to coach Cassius, says, "Clay's fast enough, don't kid yourself."

"In fact," says Dundee, a warm little Italian of protruding eyes and ears, "I can say a lot of nice things about Cassius—but I can also run down a list of 20 things he does wrong, and I'll hold him back until he shakes them off."

Dundee was not impressed, for instance, last winter when Clay came to Miami spouting such slogans as "People say Cassius Clay fights like Sugar Ray," and coupling with that vanity bits and pieces of style he had picked up from Archie Moore. Said Dundee to Cassius one day: "You, my friend, are neither Sugar Ray Robinson nor Archie Moore, and you've got a long way to go before you will even resemble them. Who you are is Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., and that's the man I'm going to teach you to fight like. A guy is never going to get anywhere thinking he's somebody else."

With this solemn pronouncement understood (or accepted, or tolerated) by Cassius, Dundee went to work. "I started to smooth him out and put some snap in his punches," says Angelo. "I told him to forget the Olympic head-hunting and to dig into the body. I told him to get down off his dancing toes so he could put some power behind his fists." Cassius, serene in his confidence, charitably agrees that "Dundee has done a lot for me," but adds typically, "What has changed the most is my own natural ability."

This summer, after a six-week vacation in Louisville, following a home-town fight with Knockout Specialist LaMar Clark (whom Clay knocked out), Cassius returned to Miami and Dundee, 15 pounds overweight. He checked into the Sir John Hotel, a rambling, pinkish construction that folds itself around a mint-green swimming pool, in Miami's downtown colored quarter. The next morning, in a plaid madras sport coat, starched

*continued*

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**new**

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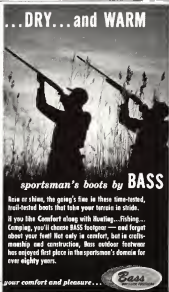
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**WHO MADE ME** *continued*

khaki pants and "ready" yellow shoes, he swaggered out to greet his public.

Nat & Sonny's Downtown Barber Shop comes to animated life when Cassius swings in the door. "Look who the cat dragged in," says Sonny in a blessing-soul tone of voice, and the man half-asleep under the hot towels starts up in surprise. Cassius gives the collected company the big wave, and when asked whom he'll fight next, his answer is "Johansson in a couple of weeks, and Floyd Patterson, I guess, this winter."

"Sure enough?" says a glibbie soul. "Get him out of here before Floyd walks in and hears him carrying on," says the manicure girl, and Cassius tosses a wink in her direction and waltzes out the door, turning down the sidewalk, laughing, laughing.

"Here comes a boxer, look at that," says a little boy by the curb to his sister. "How you know that?" says Cassius Clay. "I see you skipping along, shadowboxing," says the boy proudly. "What's your name?" he asks Clay. "Sonny Liston, that's me," says Cassius, "and I'm liable to getcha if you don't watch out."

Three blocks along he struts into The Famous Chef café, where he is accustomed to eating his meals. "Don't you come in here, Cassius Clay, showing off and acting silly. Say now, you hear what I told you?" This is Dorothy, the boss's daughter, says Clay, and it's plain she has his number. "How you like that," says Cassius. "I ain't opened up my mouth yet, and she stands there telling me to hush. Let me have orange juice, four eggs and grits, honey." Over the top edge of the editorial page of his ar-mailed *New York Times*, another customer looks up and says, "Well, if it isn't yon Cassius! lean no, hungry yes."

Cassius lopes over to the jukebox and drops in the dime that stimulates rock-'n'-roller Dee Clark to unleash Clay's favorite tune, *Your Friends*. "When you are down and out," laments Dee Clark, "there's not a friend in this world to help you out. But when you, when you get on your feet again, everyone will want to be your friend."

"I like to sit here eating and wait for somebody to come up and want to borrow money," Cassius explains. "I don't have to wait long. They'll say, 'Cassius, let me have 10 till payday, my brother.' I don't say nothing, just go over and play that record. Then the cat will say, 'You

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SEPTEMBER 25, 1968

trying to tell me something?" and I'll say, "Oh, no, my brother, I just wanted to hear that pretty tune. I think there's so much truth in the words, don't you?"

After his breakfast Cassius wants to go shopping for a new suit and shoes. He takes a cab. "I wonder what my mother is doing with my Cadillac this morning," he says in a loud voice. The cab driver doesn't hear. "How much did that watch cost you?" he asks his companion. Cassius confides that when a wristwatch was given him recently by a Negro civic club in Atlanta he found a concealed price tag. It cost only \$49.50. He mentions it because, gift or not, it didn't cost enough. He rambles on in a loud voice for the driver's benefit: "Sure is a pretty day; day just like this I won that gold medal in Rome last summer. . . . Reminds me of the day they had the parade for me in Louisville, too. The mayor, everybody was there, man, to welcome me home. Then I went up to Frankfort to see the governor." When Cassius still gets no rise from the driver, he tries a joke he has heard from another boxer. "One day I was fighting Sugar Ray Robinson. Man, I had him scared silly for two rounds. He thought I was dead." The driver is silent and Cassius looks out the window, glumly.

**B**ecause he gets his hotel room on a special rate through Angelo Dundee, a friend of the management, Cassius does not get an air conditioner. Sometimes at night, in the stifling heat of his room and in the dim light of an economy-wattled lamp, he becomes restless and reflective. "The hardest part of the training is the loneliness," he says. "I just sit here like a little animal in a box at night. I can't go out in the street and mix with the folks out there 'cause they wouldn't be out there if they was up to any good. I can't do nothing except sit. If it weren't for Angelo, I'd go home. It's something to think about. Here I am, just 19, surrounded by showgirls, whiskey and sissies, and nobody watching me. All this temptation and me trying to train to be a boxer. It's something to think about."

"But it takes a mind to do right. It's like I told myself when I was little, I said, 'Cassius, you going to win the Olympics some day, and then you're going to buy yourself a Cadillac, and then you're going to be the world champ.' Now I got the gold medal, and I got the car. I'd be plain silly to give in to temptation now when I'm just about to reach out and get that world title." **END**

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# No fat...no dead weight...no foolin'

(a preview of the new Plymouth, Valiant, Dodge Dart, Lancer, Chrysler and Imperial on display at your dealers' Sept. 28)

Things are new at Chrysler Corporation. You'll see it in the '62 cars.

The price class doesn't matter: This year we are offering something extra in every price class.

From the spunky compact Valiant to the big Imperial that's so luxurious it's almost sinful, Chrysler engineers have come up with a line of cars with simple, uncluttered lines and long, lean hoods. They look as if they were going somewhere, instead of looking for a place to sit down.

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We got an idea of what we had months ago when the engineers put the advance '62s through the standard breakdown test. This involves driving a car fifty thousand miles over the toughest possible roads to find out which parts show signs of wear first. When the engineers did this with the '62s, nothing happened. One of the test drivers reported afterwards: "These are the best cars we've ever built."

Something else came up the first time a car stopped for a light. To a man drivers gazed the engine thinking it had stalled. That's how quiet these cars idle.

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## The low-priced cars don't look like the high-priced ones—but they all look good

Valiant and Lancer, the two compacts, each will offer a new sports model with bucket seats and luxurious new interiors. Fifty five improvements in the Valiant and 52 in the Lancer add unseen values that pay off in the ride, the appearance, and the performance.

Each has room inside for

a full-size family and a shaggy dog. And each is powered by the lively Slant Six Engine that enables you to pass with safety at turnpike speeds while treating gasoline as if it were rationed.

Plymouth and Dodge are both completely new cars.

They are garage-size cars for people-size families. Doors are larger so it's easier to get in and out. The transmission hump is smaller so there's more leg room. These are full-size cars, right-size cars.

You get better performance while using less gas. What makes this possible is that fat and dead weight have been engineered off. Virtually every pound of these cars is road-hugging "live weight." It makes 'em a joy to drive, with or without power steering.

The brakes are self-adjusting.

When you move up to Chrysler you have completely new looking cars that don't look like the low-priced end of the line. This will give you a notion of what to expect:

## The "engineers' pet" is lower priced

For years our engineers have had a pet car which they called the Chrysler 300. It was built in limited numbers to provide maximum performance and handling for red-blooded men who love to drive and can afford to pay more for the privilege. This year you'll be able to buy a 300 with bucket seats for less than the price of a Chrysler New Yorker.

The Imperial has the well-bred individuality you have a right to expect at these prices.

## No major lube job for 32,000 miles

As far as it's possible, trouble has been engineered out of these '62 models. You can drive 32,000 miles (that's at least three years of driving for the average family) before you need a major lube job.

These cars can go twice as far between oil changes as they did last year.

Once again Chrysler Corporation dealers will offer Certified Car Care. This is a plan our engineers worked out two years ago to give your car the same service their personal cars get.

Briefly, it tells you exactly what to have done and when to have it done and makes sure our dealers know how to do it.

Unibody Construction is back with even greater strength and durability (beam strength alone is up as much as 30%), even fewer squeaks and rattles.

The 7-coat rust protection will be continued this year, with the added help of galvanized metal in the door sills, where rust usually starts. More insurance your car will keep its looks and hold onto its resale value.

You'll find the people in charge at Chrysler Corporation giving more and more attention to things like this.

## Don't say "impossible" before driving

Chrysler Corporation's famous exclusive Torosion-Aire Ride has been improved for 1962. We ask the automotive writers who have sworn this couldn't be done to withhold comment until they have had a chance to drive the new car.

Still exclusive in 1962 will be the Alternator. This is the modern successor to the generator which keeps the current flowing even when the engine is idling. It's yours at no extra cost in every Chrysler Corporation car. Police and taxi fleets, where instant starting is vital, frequently pay many dollars extra to have their cars equipped with Alternators.

An automotive writer who saw this new line of cars in Detroit a few weeks back said, "Looks like it's going to be a Chrysler year." That's for you to decide. You can see them at your dealer's September 28.

Our engineers insist that if we can get you behind the wheel, we'll acquire another salesman free.

# Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

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# **A DOG'S FIRST DAY IN THE FIELD**

This is the time of year for which a hunting dog is born, a time in which the scent of upland game stirring restlessly in yellowed fields triggers many an ancient and atavistic memory in nostrils trained for generations to the hunt. It is a time when a well-schooled pointer like the one below puts months of training to the test.

Opposite and on the following pages, Photographer Hans Knopf's color camera follows one eager 2-year-old pointer named

Gus right into the thick grass as the hunting season begins. If, on this first of many days that he would spend in the field before winter finally called a halt to his sport, Gus committed an occasional gauche-rie like startling a pheasant, he could be forgiven, for this was Gus's very first hunt—an experience perhaps never to be equaled in a pointing dog's life.









A photograph of a hen pheasant in a field of tall, dry, autumn-colored grass. The bird is captured in mid-air, with its wings spread and its body angled upwards, suggesting it has just taken flight or is scrambling. The lighting is warm, highlighting the textures of the grass and the bird's feathers.

IN THE THICK GRASSES OF AN AUTUMN-TINTED  
LONG ISLAND FIELD, AN OVEREAGER POINTER SENDS  
A SITTING HEN PHEASANT SCRAMBLING INTO THE AIR.

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Photographed at Eton, England, on a Holiday Abroad via Sabena Intercontinental Jet

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Some of the many Arrow Par colors...

**—ARROW—**

## NEW MEN AT THE CONTROLS

After a careful apprenticeship in the difficult art of changing signals at the line of scrimmage, a fresh wave of quarterbacks is moving in

by **TEX MAULE**

In his second game as a pro last season, Don Meredith, the brilliant young quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys, snapped out a signal call in the huddle, then trotted out confidently to line up behind his center. As he set himself, the New York Giants defense changed radically, and Meredith found his huddle call suddenly worthless. He stared vacantly at the new Giant defensive alignment for a moment, then said, "Oh, hell!" and called time out.

He had an answer to the new defense, though he had forgotten it. All pro quarterbacks are armed with a small arsenal of automatics—signals to be called at the line of scrimmage to adjust to a change in defense. They are, of course, expected to use them instantly, rapidly calculating what the new defense is, what its weakness is and what play would best exploit it. The difficulty of learning to call automatics correctly is one reason why it takes a young quarterback several years to grow truly proficient at his trade.

Understandably, the best quarterbacks in the league at calling automatics are the oldest. Bobby Layne of the Pittsburgh Steelers is a genius at it; Charlie Conerly of the New York Giants and John Unitas of the Baltimore Colts are almost in a class with Layne, and Norman Van Brocklin led the Eagles to a championship last year because, among other things, he could shift faster than the defenses.

His replacement this year is Sonny Jurgensen, shown running at left, who spent three years learning the technique from Van Brocklin. "Sonny will be all right," Van Brocklin

*continued*



said when he retired to coach the Minnesota Vikings. "He's got the arm and he's had time to learn the rest."

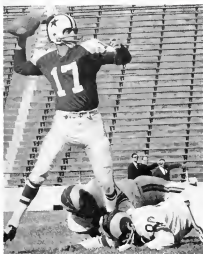
"I learned a lot just watching Van," Jurgensen says. "We used to call the same plays in scrimmage, into the same defense. They'd work for him, not for me. The guys blocked as hard for me and the receivers ran their routes as well, but the defense would knock down my pass. Dutch finally taught me not to watch the receiver. You got to watch the

And it takes nearly that much time before you know your receivers intimately. Anything I can say about the importance of knowing every move a receiver makes would be an understatement."

Starr is a very bright football player who learns quickly; there were some stories that he was a Phi Beta Kappa at Alabama, but they are not true. "My wife says I would have been if we'd got married sooner," Starr says.

Another of the emerging quarterbacks of 1961 is Meredith, who as a sophomore is not forgetting his automatics as

San Francisco 49er, who may be the first player since Bob Waterfield in 1945 to take over as a championship quarterback while still a rookie. Waterfield led the old Cleveland Rams to a championship, and Kalmer, if he fulfills his early promise, could do the same for San Francisco. His, however, is a special situation, as a former UCLA single-wing tailback who ran and/or passed starting from five yards behind his line, he fits in perfectly with Red Hickey's shotgun offense, a short punt formation that places the quarterback five yards behind the



SOPHOMORE DON MEREDITH (LEFT) OF THE COWBOYS, ROOKIE BILL KILMER (RIGHT) OF THE 49ERS TOP THE YOUNG QUARTERBACKS

defenders. Maybe you watch a linebacker commit himself, then you know when the receiver will break open and you can throw at the right time."

Jurgensen's sudden maturity as a quarterback has made the Eagles one of the favorites in the East this year; the slower but just as sure maturing of Bart Starr, now in his sixth year, makes Green Bay the favorite in the West.

Starr did not take over as Green Bay quarterback on a full-time basis until the close of last season. "It takes a long time to become oriented," Starr says. "It takes years before you can recognize and diagnose a defense almost instantly,

he did last year. Unlike Jurgensen and Starr, Meredith was from the start expected to be one of the authentic leaders of the game. Vince Lombardi, the Packers coach, and Van Brocklin, then with the Eagles, both said Meredith would reach the stature of a Unitas or a Layne before his playing days were over. Meredith still has much to learn, and since the talent-poor Cowboys will have to use him most of the time this year, he should learn quickly.

Most surprising of the big crop of new quarterbacks is Bill Kalmer, the

center. Kilmer does not throw as well as his contemporaries in the league, but in the wide-spread attack of the shotgun, and with the threat of a run to open up the defense, he throws well enough.

Of course, in the American Football League, all of the passers are still learning their own personnel as well as the enemy defenses. Most accomplished so far are veterans Jack Kemp of the San Diego Chargers, who spent three years in the NFL, and George Blanda, the signal-caller for the Houston Oilers, now in his 12th year of pro ball.

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON NFL AND AFL TEAMS, TURN THE PAGE

## No point showing the '62 Volkswagen. It still looks the same.

No heads will turn when you drive a '62 Volkswagen home.

(Maybe an eagle-eyed neighbor will notice that we've made the tail lights a little bigger. But that's the only due.)

Everything is right where we left it a '61.

Inside is another story. We've put all our time and effort into

improvements that matter.

The '62 VW runs more quietly. There are new clutch and brake cables (as well as new steering parts) that never need maintenance. Heater outlets front and rear for more even heating. Easier braking.

And 24 more.

One change is literally a gasser.

We've added a gas gauge. Our first.

A few die-hards may think we've stolen some of the VW's sporting flavor. But the gas gauge may be more useful than you'd imagine. It will not only tell you whether your tank is E or F, it will prove you're driving a '62.

It could make 1962 go down in VW history as the year of the big change.

## NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

## A RUNNING TEAM WILL WIN IN THE EAST

In a conference dominated by the ground game, Cleveland, Philadelphia and New York, deep in strong, elusive backs, have the top teams. Of the other four, the most likely contender to succeed is Pittsburgh. The Steelers have a powerful refurbished defense and, of course, the indefatigable Bobby Layne at quarterback

### CLEVELAND BROWNS



Last season **PAUL BROWN** completed a major overhaul of the most successful football team in pro history. Eleven players were in their first or second year with the

Browns, all of them are back now, united in one of the typically cohesive units that make up the Brown offense and defense. Milt Plum, the most accurate passer in the league judging by statistics, is reaching a pro quarterback's majority; this is his fifth season and it takes about that long for a signal-caller to reach championship quality. Plum may be hampered a bit by an offensive line that lacks linemen or ends on occasion, but he handled the same problem last year with reasonable dexterity and should do so again. The improvement of Len Dawson, Cleveland's second quarterback, makes the Browns stronger than ever in passing offense. The receivers—Ray Renfro, Gern Nagler, Leon Clarke and Ruth Kneitel—are superb, yet rookie Bobby Caspino is bound to squeeze out one of these old hands. To carry the ball Cleveland has the most versatile and most powerful pair of running backs in football—Jim Brown and Bobby Mitchell. Brown, who has led the league in rushing every year since he came up, is just reaching his peak at 25 and now that the quarterbacks are throwing to him more often, he is a fearsome sight for a defensive back to behold. Mitchell has some of the best moves in the business, plus speed. The Cleveland defense boasts as good a set of linemen as you'll find; the secondary defense, in its second year together, is certain to be improved.

### DALLAS COWBOYS



**TOM LANDRY**, the capable young coach of the Dallas Cowboys, has the principal ingredients of pro football success—quarterbacks. Unfortunately, he lacks too much of the rest of the recipe. In their second year of competition, the Cowboys will be better but still a long way from good. The strongest point in the Dallas attack is its passing game. Here Don Meredith and the experienced Eddie LeBaron provide the Dallas team with truly excellent arms. Meredith, in fact, is regarded by such experts as Norman Van Brocklin as good enough to become one of pro football's best quarterbacks, and in preseason exhibition games he has looked the part. The small LeBaron offers maturity and quality at quarterback, and the Cowboy targets—Bill Howton, Jim Dorn and a surprisingly improved Frank Clarke—are of professional caliber. The Dallas running attack, at the moment, lacks any break-away threat. While L. G. Dupey at halfback looks better than he has for three years, he is primarily a short-yardage ball earner. Second-year back Don Perkins has speed and should help out. The fullback post may be a little stronger with the recent acquisition of Merrill Douglas from the Chicago Bears and rookie Amos Marsh, but it must still be counted a weak spot. Landry has done well with the Dallas defense, but here again it takes time to gather the talent needed for a first-flight combination. A liberal sprinkling of rookies (defensive end, linebacker and in the secondary) insures too-frequent mental lapses, and mental lapses cost touchdowns in the NFL, especially on defense.

### NEW YORK GIANTS



**ALLIE SHERMAN**, the new head coach of the New York Giants, is a bright and ingenious innovator with a real knack for offensive football. In putting together his first Giant team, he also proved he is something of a sensation as a trader. The retirement of Frank Gifford at the end of last season and the trade of Mel Triplett to the Vikings stripped the Giants of two of their finest offensive weapons. Sherman not only repaired the damage by making what must be regarded as the best trades in recent years, he strengthened the Giants, who now have their greatest offensive potential since Gifford and Kyle Rote were rookies. The Giant attack is powered by two very good quarterbacks in Charlie Conerly, who goes on forever, and Y. A. Tittle, obtained from San Francisco. More than that, Conerly and Tittle will be throwing to the best set of Giant receivers in the memory of man—Del Shofner (from the Rams), Joe Walton (from the Redskins) and Rote. They also will have the advantage of handing off to an improved set of running backs—Bob Gaiters (first draft choice), Joe Morrison and Alex Webster. Sherman has experimented with special defenses, but after a bad opening game against the Cardinals may return to the old ways—a temptation that is enhanced by the presence of Ernie Barnes in the secondary. Sam Huff, Tom Scott and Cliff Livingston are still the linebackers, and the front line is Jim Katcavage, Andy Robitelli, Ronny Gier and Dick Modzelewski, which is line enough for anybody.



## PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

When Norman Van Brocklin retired at the end of the 1960 season, most football people predicted that the Eagles, world champions in 1960, would fall back to fourth or fifth place this year. But the running game of the title team was gummy. It is well now. New Coach **NICK SKORNIK**'s defense is a year wiser and, oddly, the Eagles may be stronger at quarterback. Sonny Jurgensen, Van Brocklin's replacement, has shown conclusively that he responds admirably to pressure. Jurgensen runs the team with the same sure confidence that marked Van Brocklin and he throws nearly as well as the master. And if anything happens to Jurgensen, the Eagles have King Hill, picked up in a trade with the St. Louis Cardinals. Hill, who had seven abscessed teeth removed at training camp, learned to pass while running to his left. As of now, he is a more than capable replacement for Jurgensen. But the key to the Eagle attack is the superb running of players like Ted Dean, Billy Barnes, Tim Brown, Clarence Peaks and Theron Sapp. With the possible exception of Green Bay and Cleveland, no other team can boast such powerful running as these five will provide. There is also, of course, that elusive back Tommy McDonald, the most dangerous long-pass catcher in the business. To go with this offensive power, the Eagles have a defense predicated upon the linbacking of Chuck Bednarik and a quartet of aged-in-action backs, led by Don (The Blade) Burroughs and Tommy Brookshier. They have been around the league a long time—and they are the best.



## ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

Had it not been for two preseason injuries, the Cardinals would have been among the favorites for the Eastern championship. But John David Crow, their incomparable half-back, broke his ankle and will miss the first six or seven league games. Sam Etcheberry, the transplanted Canadian who was to lead the team out of the passing doldrums, an early practice developed a passing shoulder so sore he could not comb his hair. Etcheberry, fortunately, was ready for the opening of league play, but he missed a month of work in training camp and it was work he needed (though not too badly) to acustom himself again to the American style of play after nine years in Canada. Unhappily for the Cardinals, their first five games are against the best teams in the East—the Eagles, Giants and Browns. Now that Etcheberry has come around, Coach **POP IVY** will send a strong pass offense against these clubs. Sonny Randle should be among the better ends in the league and Billy Stacy and Bobby Joe Conrad are good flanker backs. But the loss of Crow will be felt here, too, for Crow was not only one of the top two or three runners in pro football, he rated almost as high as a pass receiver. The loss of big Ken Rinfell at offensive tackle means that the pass-protection blocking may break down, especially with a rookie slated for play at offensive guard. The Cardinals' defense against rushing plays was the best in the league in 1960, and should be almost as good this year. The pass defense, only fair before, is still questionable. As passing insurance, the Cardinals acquired Ralph Guglielmi from the Redskins just before league play started.



## PITTSBURGH STEELERS

The Pittsburgh Steelers have what may be the best defense against running in the league. Add to that an offense directed by old, bold and barefaced Bobby Layne and you come up with what may also be the surprise team in the Eastern Division. The addition of Big Daddy Lipscomb (from the Colts) and Lou Michaels (from the Rams) to Coach **BUDDY PARKER**'s defensive line probably gives the Steelers the best four front men in football. It is so strong, in fact, that Ernie Stautner, the onetime all-pro tackle, is a reserve, as is another fine veteran, George Tinsovic. The Steelers have one superb linbacker in John Reger and two potentially fine ones in Myron Potros and Mike Henry. Their secondary defense, weak on the wings in 1960 due to poor tackling and indecisive pass defense, looks much better this season with the addition of Jack Simpson and Bill Butler. The safety positions are in the hands of two quick, certain defenders—Bill Darnels and Dean Derby. On the attack, Layne, who throws a wobbly, unlovely but generally completed pass, is one of the two most resourceful quarterbacks in football. His receivers (Buddy Dial, Preston Carpenter and Red Mack) are only a notch, if at all, below the league's best, and his runners (John Henry Johnson and Tom Tracy) are powerful and fleet. Johnson played only six games last year but gained 621 yards. His return to good health should rest the hard-working Tracy and improve his effectiveness. Guard Charlie Bradshaw and End Steve Mahinger may strengthen the offensive line.



## WASHINGTON REDSKINS

For at least one more year, the Washington Redskins will have the palest huddle and the darkest future in the National Football League. With a new coach (**BILL McPHEE**), a new stadium and almost a new team, the Redskins still have a long way to go before they move out of their accustomed habitat—the cellar. There are signs that they may be growing stronger, their No. 1 draft choice, Norman Seland of Wake Forest, was generally conceded among pros to be the best prospect in the college ranks last season. It will take him time to attain eminence as a pro, if he ever does, but after a few games he should give the Redskins more competent quarterbacking than they have had during recent years. Ralph Guglielmi, who performed well in spots for the Redskins last year, was traded to the Cardinals for George Izo, who is expected to back up Seland. But neither Seland nor Izo will have an opportunity to demonstrate his fitness unless the Redskins come up with a few more competent offensive linemen. Defensively, McPhee can depend on a rugged line, built around Tackle Bob Tonell. However, the Redskins linemen were something less than sensational last season and there is no reason to believe that they will be improved. At times during 1960, the defensive secondary performed nobly, considering the problems it faced. If the linemen advance at all, the backs, with some of the pressure off them, will look appreciably better.



CONTINUED

## IN THE WEST, IT'S GREEN BAY—MAYBE

Green Bay, a sound, balanced and competent team, may win the conference championship again, but the Detroit Lions, with a very sticky defense, and the San Francisco 49ers, with strong young talent to trigger their new shotgun offense, could upset the Packers. The dark horse, naturally: the Baltimore Colts

### BALTIMORE COLTS



Still possessed of what is very likely the most explosive passing offense in professional football, the Colts are in trouble elsewhere, particularly on defense. Big Daddy Lipscomb, who, with Art Donovan, anchored what was once the toughest defensive line in the league, was traded to the Pittsburgh Steelers. Donovan, 36, and in his 12th season as a pro, cannot be expected to operate as efficiently as in previous years. Finally, the Colts' rejuvenation program, which has spared only 19 members of the 1958 and 1959 championship teams, is encountering trouble. Coach **WEED EWBANK** has had to move Dick Szymanski from middle linebacker to offensive center, and this compounds the weakness in the heart of the Baltimore defense. None of the defensive tackle candidates have shown sufficient ability to replace Lipscomb or Donovan; the Colts have experimented with Merv Matuszak and Steve Myrba at the middle-linebacking post, but neither of them is on a par with Szymanski. Luckily, the additional loss of three men from the Baltimore secondary defense is not as serious as it seems; the Colts still have three seasoned pass defenders available. They also have their high-scoring passing attack, with Johnny Unitas firing to Jimmy Orr, Lenny Moore, Jim Mutscheller and Dee Mackey. It may provide enough points to overcome the leakage in the defense. Raymond Berry, the best offensive end in the league, has been out of the preseason lineup because of a knee operation. He is expected to be back this week. The Colts may need him.

### CHICAGO BEARS

**GEORGE HALAS** has been tinkering with the Bear offensive line during the preseason games and it appears now that with the addition of Mike Ditka, the rookie end from Pittsburgh, he may have arrived at a solution to a problem that troubled last year's club. Ditka gives the Bears crisp, sure blocking on sweeps, setting up a real threat for the very fast Bear halfbacks going wide and, of course, spreading the defense to open the middle. The addition, from the Rams, of Bill Wade, always a strong-armed passer, has worked out very well so far. In exhibition games he has been alternating at quarterback with the experienced and capable Ed Brown, and although he still throws an occasional rainbow that defensive backs fight to intercept, he seems to have overcome a tendency he displayed at Los Angeles to become erratic. The secret of the Bear offense, however, is speed, as Halfbacks Johnny Morris and Charlie Davis. Both of them are quick, elusive runners and good receivers. Jim Dooley and Angelo Coia, a pair of proved receivers, and sophomore John Farenington complete a deep set of pass catchers. The Bear defense, which was effective early last season but sagged later on, may be in trouble all this year because of two serious losses in the deep secondary: Erich Barnes was traded away and Vic Zucco retired. Even Clark Shaugnessy, the defensive genius, will have trouble replacing them although he has taken a step in the right direction with the quick switch of superb offensive End Harlon Hill to defensive back.



### DETROIT LIONS



At the end of the 1960 season, the Lions may have been the strongest team in either division of the NFL. But, just as in previous years, they were slow starters in league competition. In an effort to overcome this difficulty, Coach **GEORGE WILSON** began summer training with one of the smallest groups of players in the league: 33 reasonably well-tried veterans and only 14 rookies. With this manageable group he was able to spend more time imparting to his players the intricacies of the Detroit offense and defense. The 1960 team depended on a defensive unit that, over the season, absorbed and educated key rookies at several positions. They are well educated by now and, with added special preseason training, the defense should be strong all season. Since Bobby Layne left to join the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Lions have had serious difficulty finding the right quarterback. But Earl Morrall looked good in the latter part of the 1960 season and has played well in preseason games this year. If he continues to hold up, the Lions' running game will be their only soft spot. Nick Pietrosante, one of the best bang-ahead fullbacks in football last year, looked heavy-legged and slow in preseason games. Ken Walsh, his replacement, has been injured, but the Lions now have Johnny Oliverowski, brought in from the Washington Redskins, and should feel assured. The Lions' pass receivers, notably Jim Gibbons, Gail Cogdill and Howard Cassidy, are among the league's best and may carry the offensive load, along with fleet Halfback Danny Lewis.

## GREEN BAY PACKERS

The Packers, surprise champions of the West in 1960, will surprise no one if they repeat as champions in 1961. This is probably the soundest team in football, equipped with the best offensive line, a more than adequate quarterback and violent runners (only the Cleveland Browns surpass these last). Their defensive line is good, their corps of linebackers intelligent, fleet and mean. Their only discernible weakness in 1960 was a slight seepage in the secondary; with another year's experience behind them, the four deep men for the Packers operated with more assurance at their first, albeit losing, game. There will be almost no changes in the team roster. **VINCE LOMBARDI**, the very able Green Bay coach, does not believe in quarreling with success. A ground offense based on the exceptional blocking of the Packer offensive line, led by all-league selections Forrest Gregg and Jim Ringo, and the wonderful running of three Packer backs will remain the keys to the Packer attack. Jim Taylor, a stumpy, muscular young man who is as hard to upset as a fireplug, is back at fullback. The other running back in the Green Bay offense is either Paul Hornung, who throws well on the option pass, or Tom Moore, who is a little faster but hits with a little less impact. The continuing improvement of Bart Starr, both as tactician and passer, means that the Packer passing attack will be better. In Boyd Dowler, the game's ex-hurdler from Colorado, Starr has a large and sure-handed target. The other receivers are smaller but just as effective.



## MINNESOTA VIKINGS

When **NORMAN VAN BROCKLIN** took over as head coach of the Minnesota Vikings, there was some question whether he was, by temperament, suited to the task. Van Brocklin had been a stubborn as well as brilliant quarterback, given to occasional fits of temper when a blocker allowed a defensive tackle to slip through and maul him. So far, he has been an excellent coach, equable in disposition, as acute as ever in finding flaws in enemy defenses and adept at inspiring loyalty and effort from his players. He has a better first-year team at Minnesota than Tom Landry had in Dallas last year; his running attack, for instance, with Mel Triplett, rookie Tom Mason and Hugh McElhenry, is stronger than that of some established teams. Van Brocklin will get adequate quarterbacking from George Shaw and may get brilliant quarterbacking from rookie Fran Tarkenton, acquired from the New York Giants. His pass receivers are good enough. The Vikings are something less than impenetrable in their offensive line, however, but that is only to be expected of a first-year team. The defense, surprisingly, has been fairly good, although the defensive backs, still getting to know each other, sometimes forget to switch downfield receivers on pass coverage. This team will be no easy mark for any club in the league, it may not beat the very strong teams, but it will sneak up once or twice on the contenders and it could win as many as four games. How many it wins depends upon how well the offensive line plays and how well the defensive backs mesh as a unit.



## LOS ANGELES RAMS

The Rams have, over the last few years, rebuilt their defense, slowly and painfully, to respectable status. This year, unfortunately, the defensive team may not look as good as it actually is because of overwork. Unless the offensive unit can hang onto the ball long enough to rest the defenders, the latter are going to start collapsing halfway through games on long Sunday afternoons. The obvious weakness of the Rams is in the offensive line; a second difficulty is at quarterback, although Zeké Bratkowski, obtained from the Chicago Bears in an even-up trade for Billy Wade, may remedy that defect if he survives the pounding his weak line will expose him to. Despite these faults, the Rams may be among the best teams in the Western Division by the final third of the season. This depends upon how much improvement is shown by young offensive linemen and second-year men like Guard Roy Hord and Tackle Jim Bocke. If they are quick studies, Coach **BOB WATERFIELD** will have as powerful an attack—running or passing—as any other club in the league. Jon Arnett, their durable halfback, continues to produce some of the most exciting runs in football; Tom Wilson gives the Rams a powerful as well as elusive running back, and Otis Mason, long one of football's very best backs from any standpoint, seems to have lost none of his skill. Once the offensive line jells, if the Rams attack lacks anything it will be a fullback. At the moment, there is no one who can frighten even a medium-size halfback or a small linebacker.



## SAN FRANCISCO 49ers

**RED HICKEY**, who used to play offensive end for the Los Angeles Rams, has devised a passing attack that should make new men playing his old position happy. The shotgun attack, which places the quarterback six yards behind the center, was a patented feature of the San Francisco game toward the end of 1960. It provides enough short-haul receivers on or near the line of scrimmage to prevent the defensive linebackers from concentrating on the ends when they try to cross the line of scrimmage. The shotgun, of course, leaves the quarterback dangerously naked, but Hickey has a plentiful supply of tailbacks to run the offense, the best of whom are John Brodie and rookie Bill Kiltner from UCLA. Kiltner has already demonstrated an ability to throw well, run competently and accept stoically the slings and arrows of outraged defensive lines, and Brodie had a fine first game against Washington. Combine these two with the best rookie receivers to come up from college this year—Bernie Casey and Aaron Thomas—a real find in Fullback J. W. Lockett and proved talent in J. D. Smith, C. R. Roberts and R. C. Owens and you have a strong, if unorthodox, offense. The second best offensive line in the West, next to the Green Bay Packers', does much to make the attack go. On defense, Hickey has at once the youngest, fastest and best set of secondary defenders in football. He has a problem with his linebackers, where only Matt Hazeltine is very good, but the offensive line is sound and is named Leo Nomellini.



CONTINUED

## EASTERN DIVISION

## BOSTON PATRIOTS

The Patriots last season suffered from a lack of consistent quarterbacking and a noteworthy inability to knock down long passes. The addition of Quarterback Babe Parilli should supplement the help provided by old Butch Songin, who led last week's 45-17 rout of Denver. But in their first league game against New York the Patriots showed they still need defensive backs who can prevent long completions. Coach **LOU SABAN's** difficulties here could lessen as the season goes along, however. He patched up the Patriot secondary by picking up ex-Steelers defender Ron Hall; when the new unit begins to operate as a team, it probably will be much more effective. The Boston air attack, under the direction of Parilli, is improved by the development of Gato Cappelletti as a receiver; Cappelletti takes some of the pressure off Jim Coleough, the fastest of the Patriot pass catchers, who was double-teamed most of last year. The pass-protection blocking, weak in 1960, has been stiffened by the addition of Tackles John Miller (from Green Bay) and John Samerson (from Houston). Saban is still looking for one more good offensive guard. The Boston running game, hurt last season by the absence of Fullback Jim Crawford, out with pneumonia, and Ron Burton, out with two injured ankles, got off to a bad start this season when Crawford fractured a lumbar vertebra. His loss during the early games will deprive Boston of a power runner up the middle and will increase the pressure on speedsters Burton and Billy Lott.



## HOUSTON OILERS

This will be almost exactly the same team that finished first in the Eastern Division in 1960. The only significant addition has been at end, where the Oilers will have Willard Deweill when he recovers from an injury. Deweill played out his option with the Chicago Bears, then signed with Houston. Coach **LOU RYMKUS** has a powerful attack built around Billy Cannon, Dave Smith and Charley Toair. Last year the ground game fell off when starting offensive guards Bob Tahmin and Jim McCanless were injured, but they are healthy now, and in preseason games the running was better than ever, aided by the strong blocking of Tackle Al Jamison. The passing attack, already best in the league, may be even better with George Blanda and Jackie Lee throwing to Bill Groman and Charley Hennigan, plus 6-foot-5 rookie Bob McLeod of Abilene Christian. Almost all of Rymkus' problems are on defense. In 1960 the Oilers had one of the best defenses against a rushing attack in the league, statistically, but that was because most teams in the AFL powered straight ahead into the Oiler line. The defense was then and probably is now vulnerable to sweeps; the line is slow and the retirement of Hugh Pitts and Al Watcher from the corps of linebackers weakened an already weak spot. In the deep secondary the Houston cornerbacks, Mike Johnston and Tony Ranfield, did well coming up on runs last year but considerably less well defending against passes. The only real topflight defender is safety man Jim Norton. He needs help.



## BUFFALO BILLS

Coach **BUSTER BANSLEY** suffers from the most grievous lack in pro football. He does not have an adequate quarterback. Johnny Green, his starter, suffered a shoulder separation in practice, missed several weeks' work and will be rusty for the start of the season. Even Green's best is none too good. Although he throws a long pass well and accurately much of the time, he is erratic with shorter tosses and tends to overlook secondary receivers up close. Behind Green are Richie Lucas and Detroit's Warren Rabb. Lucas, despite a good second game, is still untested; Rabb has yet to work into the Bill offense. The Buffalo receivers—Tom Rychlicko, Monte Crockett and Elbert Dubenion—are good enough when the Bill quarterbacks manage to get the ball to them. Two rookie linemen, Billy Shaw of Georgia Tech and Ken Rice of Auburn, have improved the pass-protection blocking. On the ground the Bills look much better, mostly because of the addition of Syracuse's Art Baker, who is a Jim Brown-type running back. Baker has power up the middle and speed enough for wide sweeps. He has a good deal to learn about pro blocking, however. The other Bill runners—Wesly Carlton, Dubenion and Wilmer Fowler—give the team as strong a core of backs as there is in the AFL. On defense, the Bills are strong against rushing but may be in trouble against passes. They lack depth in linebackers and, more seriously, in defensive halfbacks. Only Jack Johnson returns unscathed from the pass-defending corps which intercepted 33 passes last year.



## NEW YORK TITANS

**SAMMY DAUGH's** New York Titans set two records in the American Football League last season, both in the scoring column. They scored more points than any other team (182) and had the most points scored against them (399). While this made for extraordinarily busy afternoons for both Titan units, it left the club in second place in the Eastern Division, with seven wins and seven losses. Daugh has improved his defense this year! Junior Wron and Bert Rechichar, a couple of old hands from the NFL, add experience, and two rookies, Darnard Paulson and Dave Ames, provide speed in the secondary. Hubert Bobo and Jim Furey are expected to do a lot for the linebacking, and Proverb Jacobs (from the New York Giants) for the bench. Al Dorow, the Titan quarterback, comprises most of the Titan offense, throwing to receivers Don Maynard and Art Powell. The acquisition of Dock Christy and the continuing development of Fullback Bill Mathis should give the Titans a running game, something that was noticeably absent during their maiden season. Unfortunately, the Titans' Mike Hudock, one of the best blocking centers in the league, suffered a broken jaw in the club's first league game (a 21-20 victory over Boston) and probably will miss several games. This could open a gate for opposing linebackers. Daugh is still looking for an adequate punter, although his need is hardly an urgent one since the high-scoring Titan offense is seldom required to punt. The Titans, over-all, should be a stronger team this year.



# LEAGUE

## WESTERN DIVISION

### DALLAS TEXANS

**HANK STRAM**, the coach of the Texans, was presented with a crop of rookies to go along with his regulars of 1960. Looking forward to a fine season, he seemed like one of the fortunate AFL coaches—until a few weeks ago. Then Abner Haynes, who may be the best all-round offensive back in the AFL, was injured. The loss of Haynes damages both the running and passing offenses. In their opener against the San Diego Chargers, the best team in the AFL, the Texans missed Haynes badly and lost 26-10. But Haynes will be back soon, and with him as the lineup the Texans are clearly the most best team in the new league. They have a powerful ground attack and an air offensive that is buoyant when Quarterback Cotton Davidson is having a good day. Cotton's good days, however—as reflected in 1960 statistics which placed Dallas first in rushing but next to last in passing—will have to be better this year. Jack Spikes is a good fullback and a talented place kicker, and the Texan ends—Chris Burford and Max Boydston or Tony Romeo—are among the finest in the AFL. The offensive line gives the pass attack time to develop and clears the way for the runners. Defensively the Texans should be almost as strong as the Chargers. Their first four—Mel Branch and Paul Miller at end, Ray Collins and Paul Rochester at tackles—are mobile and intelligent defenders. The linebackers, headed by Sherrill Hendrick and E. J. Holub, probably the league's top draftee this year, an reserve, could be the toughest combination in the AFL.



### OAKLAND RAIDERS

The Raiders, who finished third in the Western Division of the AFL last season, seem unlikely to improve on their standing in 1961, even under new Coach **NARTY FELDMAN**, who replaced Eddie Erdelatz on Monday. Any amount of reshuffling should prove ineffective, since the Raiders were able to sign very few of their 1961 draft choices. Last year the club had a good passing attack and little else. With defenses generally stronger in the league this season, the Raiders may not score by passes as often as they did in 1960. But a more immediate consideration is the woefully weak defensive unit. In the season's opener, the Houston Oilers, winning 55 to 0, set a league scoring record against Oakland as George Blanda enjoyed a pleasant afternoon throwing three touchdowns passing through the Raider secondary. Conceding to Oakland its rather flimsy ground attack, the Oiler defense stifled the passing of Tom Flores and rookie Nick Papac. The Raiders picked up replacements for their ailing lines as the other clubs in both leagues cut down to league limits, and the team should improve as the new players begin to fit in. Although it is highly doubtful that the new Raider coach will be able to find enough good players to help significantly, additions like Tackle Volney Peters may keep the team ahead of Denver. Grave weakness in both the offensive and defensive line, an inept secondary pass defense and an offensive backfield that is quick but small mean Feldman has a long, grim season ahead.



### DENVER BRONCOS

Despite the fact that not a single player from the 1961 draft list of the Denver club appears on the team roster, Coach **FRANK FILCHOCK** may have a better team than the one that finished last in the Western Division in 1960. He has rebuilt the offensive line almost entirely, with only Ken Adamson and Carl Larpenter, both guards, returning. The development of George Herring as a second quarterback behind Frank Tripucka will give the Broncos unaccustomed depth at that position when Herring recovers from an injury. The biggest addition to the Denver offense, however, is Al Frazier, a quick, very fast back from Florida A&M who sparked the Bronco attack during the preseason games. Denver has one of the league's top receivers in Lionel Taylor, who caught 92 passes to lead the AFL in this department last year, but Filchock could still use one or two more pass catchers. Frazier, who catches as well as he runs, may fulfill part of the need. The Bronco running attack will feature Frazier and Gene Mingo, but Don Stone may be the fullback the club has been looking for to develop a power threat. Filchock's defensive line, pegged on Bud McFadin, is strong against running and able on occasion to apply pressure to an opposing passer. He is thin at linebacker, with only Bob Hudson returning from the 1960 team, but the addition of Jim Sears to a secondary defense that already has three experienced men, including Austin Gornoulin, may take up some of the pass-defense slack.



### SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

Coach **SID GILLMAN** should have the best team in the American Football League. He has the surest passer in Jack Kemp, providing Kemp's Army reserve unit is not activated. He has one of the best fullbacks in Charlie Flowers and a set of extraordinarily fast, balanced running backs in Paul Lowe, Bo Robinson (the silver-medal winner in the Olympic broad jump) and Keith Lincoln, who relieves Flowers at fullback. Add to these excellent receivers in Don Norton, Bob Scarpitto, Dave Kocourek and Luther Hayes, plus an offensive line whose only weakness may be a lack of weight at guard, and it is evident that the Chargers will score often this season. But that is not all. Gillman's defensive line, with two huge rookies, may be the biggest in all pro football. The rookies are Earl Faison, a 6-foot-4, 250-pound defensive end from Indiana, and Ernie Ladd. From Grambling College, Ladd weighs 315, stands 6 feet 9 and is a proportioned like a well-built decathlon man. The defensive line has experienced men in Bill Hudson, 6 feet 4, 270 pounds, acquired from Canada, and Ron Nery, 6 feet 6, 245 pounds, a second-year pro. The sheer mass of this line makes it hard to move aside on running plays, and its gains are surprisingly agile at rushing the passer. The Chargers have four strong linebackers. The best is Chuck Allen, who gained 18 pounds during the off season to reach middle-backer size. Gillman has experimented with the secondary, but really has no problem there.



END



FIVE ARREST AS THEY HURDLE A THICK HEDGE AT NEW YORK'S AQUEDUCT, THESE STRAINING HORSES TYPIFY THE ACTION THAT JUMP

## *The jumpers must have some support*

Unwanted by most tracks and spurned by many owners, a traditional sport is in trouble. Part V of a series on racing's problems

One of the most thrilling spectacles of racing is the sight of an evenly matched field of jumpers clearing hedges and water hazards in an obstacle-filled chase to the finish line. For the lover of running horses, such events bring some of racing's finest technique and greatest drama. So appealing are the jumpers, in fact, that one track (Laurel) once decided to forbid the training of steeplechase horses between flat races on its

program. The track found its customers were watching the jumpers practice instead of lining up at the tote windows to get their betting done.

Unfortunately, however, in spite of their obvious attractions, there are all too few events for horses over jumps. While the sport of steeplechasing and hurdling—along with the timber races of the spring and fall hunt meetings—has not completely disappeared, its existence

has been severely threatened by the influential forces that persist in thinking of racing more and more in terms of business and less and less in terms of a combination of business and sport.

Of the 96 tracks in this country, only six have a regular schedule of steeplechasing and hurdling. They are Delaware Park, Monmouth, Laurel and the trio that makes up the New York Racing Association—Belmont, Aqueduct and Saratoga. Beyond these, there are 21 hunt race meetings scheduled between mid-March and November.

The total gross purses from all jump



EVENTS BRING TO A RACING PROGRAM

in which 457 horses participated in 1960, was only \$809,405, as compared to flat racing's 30,000 starters and \$93 million in purse money. There was only one \$50,000 steeplechase, as against 45 flat races worth \$100,000 or more. The leading money-winning chaser of 1960, Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Benguala, won \$70,139, while flat racing's Bally Ache took down \$455,045. Mrs. Scott was also the most successful owner of jumpers, collecting winnings of \$101,419. This is one-tenth of what the C. V. Whitney stable earned with a string of 34 flat races.

The interest in jump racing has declined to the point where its very existence is threatened. There are several explanations for what has happened. Yet

after reviewing them it is plain that the sport faces no insurmountable difficulty.

First, race-track managements contend that jumpers attract less betting. One reason is that fields are small. Another is that there is a fear among patrons that form does not prevail when horses start leaping hedges, though the fact is that more favorites win jumping races than flat races (40% to 34% in 1960). If there were more jump racing the bettors would soon learn this statistic for themselves.

Tracks also balk at the cost of constructing suitable and safe jumping courses. Their reluctance is understandable, but racing commissions could rightfully claim that a jumping course is as much a part of a race track as a starting gate, and require more large tracks to build and maintain one.

So firm is the discrimination against jumpers in some areas that flat-race trainers contend these horses should not be given stable space at a major track. "Send the jumpers back to the countryside, where they belong," they say.

These horsemen, like the track managements, fail to realize that steeplechasing and hurdling are an integral part of racing and should neither be permitted to expire nor relegated to the private courses of the Carolinas, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey.

#### Too few owners

The majority of the owners and trainers of jumping horses have lately been content to put most of the blame for their troubles on what they consider to be bad publicity. Their feelings are bruised when sports editors, looking for action photographs, print pictures of falling horses and cartwheeling jockeys instead of a staid winner's-circle presentation. Pete Bostwick, former amateur champion rider and one of the leading jump trainers of 1961 (he owns one of the season's best steeplechasers, Tuscarora), says, "The top flat jocks get millions of dollars' worth of publicity every day, but the only time you ever hear of a jump rider is when he gets busted up. It's not right."

Thus, however, is hardly a creditable excuse. Accident pictures haven't reduced interest in the Indianapolis "500." The essential problem, and the one that must be faced up to by racing leaders, is that there are too few jumpers in the hands of too few owners and trainers. There is a chain reaction of sorts involved here. If more owners were attracted to the sport of jump racing there would be

more horses to turn over to more trainers. Then races would be easy to fill with individual entries, eliminating today's tiresome sight of double and triple entries in small fields. Consequently, bigger betting would in turn stimulate management into promoting jumping.

Thus the primary responsibility for restoring jump racing belongs to the largest and wealthiest stables, those owned by men and women whose sporting instincts are supposed to outweigh their regard for making money.

Many of the great stables in this country first entered racing by participating in events over hurdles and brush. Among them were those of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, F. Ambrose Clark, Paul Mellon, J. H. Whitney, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, George D. Widener, Stephen Sanford and the late Thomas Hitchcock Sr.

Following World War II many owners gave up on the jumps. Some decided that their stables must pay for themselves, and limited their activity to flat racing because more money could be won there. Others, like Ambrose Clark, concentrated on flat racing because, as he put it, "the emphasis in jumping was turning into an emphasis on speed alone. Nobody was teaching horses to jump properly and nobody was bothering to take time to train new jumping riders."

Now, happily, Mr. Clark has re-entered the jumping field on a small scale, and the names of a few owners quite new to the sport (thrice, Alfred Vanderbilt, Louis Wolfson and Travis Kerr) are starting to appear on the entry lists. Furthermore, the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association (which, along with a group known as the United Hunts, governs all U.S. jump racing) has recently begun thinking along promotional lines. A three-man Trainers' Committee has been appointed to spread the word among trainers of flat horses who may be considering future races over jumps. The committee, for example, points out to trainers that many flat horses—such as Nala, Rhythminham, Flying Fury and Our Jeep—who never did make it on dirt or turf became money-making jumpers.

But the few leading horsemen who support jumping, along with the small number of wealthy landowners who gladly allow their farmed estates to be used for hunt meetings each year, cannot rebuild the sport by themselves. The other important owners who pretend it is such a shame to see jump racing disappear must get back into this game or it will disappear.

END



OFF TO A WINNING TOUCHDOWN: PITTSBURGH'S PAUL MARTHA TAKES LATERAL AS FRED COX GOES DOWN IN A SPLASH OF WATER

## A very wet opener in Miami

The weather was awful, but Pitt's Fred Cox played a whale of a game to begin the season

For what began as a plug for Miami's multiplicity of inkeepers, the first nationally televised college football game of 1961 turned into the very worst sort of a commercial. Not the first drop of rain has fallen on 27 Orange Bowl games, but the second half of the Miami-Pitt match in the Orange Bowl Stadium last Saturday was played in untypical tropical downpours.

Even in such miserable circumstances, Miami led 7-3 with six minutes to play, and the main reason was a sophomore quarterback named George Mira. Playing his first varsity game, Mira put to

good use a professional trick he had learned in spring practice from the Dallas Texans' Coach Hank Stram. He backed up to throw instead of turning his back to the line of scrimmage, and picked apart the Pitt defense with hard, low passes, pitching one of them in the first quarter into the belly of End Larry Wilson for the Hurricanes' only touchdown.

But in the fourth quarter, the situation shifted as abruptly as the yawning winds. With Pitt floundering on its 19-yard line, senior Halfback Fred Cox, who had already booted a 31-yard field goal, entered the Panther huddle and directed sophomore Quarterback Paul Martha, back into the game after being knocked cockeyed in the first quarter, to call a play Pitt had, literally, been saving for a

rainy day. Just as the players turned to trot toward the line of scrimmage, Cox grinned at Martha and added, "And you be right there, boy."

Martha palmed the center snap and handed off to Halfback Al Clark, who was moving left. Clark relayed the ball to Cox, who sloshed across to the right and outgassed Miami's primary defense to the Pitt 38. There, Cox twisted and conducted a split-second search for Martha. Precisely on order, Martha came across to receive Cox's lateral. He splashed the remaining 62 yards to a touchdown and a 10-7 win for Pitt.

"On a dry field," Miami Coach Andy Gustafson soled himself, "we'd have taken them." Pitt's Michelosen just smiled hugely. He had Cox, and on Saturday Cox was everything.

## FOOTBALL'S WEEK by MERVIN HYMAN

### THE MIDWEST

Iowa State got the jump on its Big Eight neighbors and almost wished it hadn't. For three quarters a tough Drake defense toned the Cyclone attack down to a harmless breeze. Then Drake fumbles provided the opportunities and State's tailbacks grabbed them. Orne Clay rushed for one touchdown, Dave Hoppman passed for two more and the Cyclones won 21-0.

Quarterback Bill Stangorone flipped a

pair of scoring passes to get Wichita's Missouri Valley champions off to a 12-0 lead over Toledo in the first half, but then the Rockets stiffened and Wichita was lucky to win 12-7. Cincinnati, too, had its troubles, but finally won over Dayton 16-12. Tulsa had no trouble at all as the Hurricanes scored all their points in the first and fourth periods to hand Hardin-Simmons its 13th straight loss, 37-0. Miami of Ohio, in over its head against Villanova, proved no match for

the big Easterners and lost 33-0, while Kent State succumbed to Xavier 16-8.

### THE SOUTH

There was joy, despair and shocking little defense at Morgantown, where Richmond's Mel Ridenour (*apoorly*) led the suddenly poisonous Spiders past West Virginia for the first time in eight meetings. For West Virginia, once the untouchable of the Southern Conference, it was the 16th straight game



without a victory. But there may be some hope for the rebuilding Mountaineers. Quarterback Fred Culvard, a cocky sophomore out of the West Virginia coal fields, ran for three scores and looked good enough to one day inspire his less competent teammates.

Meanwhile, the other conference teams were warming up for the race. Sluggish Virginia Tech, set off by Terry Strock's 34-yard punt return in the third quarter, came on to beat William & Mary 20-6. In non-league games, Furman spluttered at the start but rallied sufficiently to overcome Presbyterian 27-6; VMI's John Trynham, Stinson Jones and Ken Reeder broke away for 90-, 46- and 62-yard touchdown runs in the second half to help defeat Marshall 33-6. The Citadel found Memphis State's elusive Jim Earl Wright too slick to hold (he scored three times in the first half) and lost 40-9. George Washington went down before Florida State's determined defenders 15-7.

#### THE EAST

**Buffalo,** a little school with big aspirations, had the attention all to itself in the East. When they weren't being set back by major penalties (nine in all), the ambitious Bulls hammered away vigorously at Gettysburg's harmless Bullets until Halfback Bob Baker and Fullback Gene Reilly crashed over for the touchdowns to win 14-6.

#### THE SOUTHWEST

To New Mexico State's Warren Woodson one win is just as good as another. But the Aggie coach was even more appreciative than usual when six of his speedy backs scored eight touchdowns and Pete Smolensovich kicked all eight extra points as State ran over a surprised and somewhat hurt Arizona State College 56-6 for its 16th straight and Woodson's 200th coaching victory.

#### THE WEST

Conservative Coach Ray Nagel, who told his Utah team, "There are more ways to score on defense than there are on offense," will have to wait to prove it to them. Sophomore Quarterback Gary Hertzfeldt spiraled a 25-yard touchdown pass to End Joe Berich on his first varsity play and the Redskins played offense most of the night as they walloped Colorado State 40-0.

Other Skyline contenders were just as successful. Utah State's huge and surprisingly agile linemen put the rush on John Furman, Texas Western's talented passer, and the Aggies won 21-6; Wyoming ran Montana ragged in the first half, then turned the game over on an interception, while State took over as the Cowboys won 29-0. One conference casualty was Brigham Young, which couldn't overcome two first-half touchdowns passes by San Jose State's Chen Galligan to Mack Burton. The final score, 14-13.

## SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

**Penn State over Navy.** Without Joe Bellino, the Middies will be hard pressed to stay afloat against the big, fierce and highly optimistic Nittany Lions.

**Alabama over Georgia.** Bear Bryant's rebuilding program is on schedule. Typically tough linemen will spoil new Georgia Coach Johnny Griffith's debut.

**Arkansas over Mississippi.** Last year's defeat on a disputed field goal still rankles the Razorbacks. As usual, Ole Miss is two deep all over, but Arkansas has Lance Alworth and a better offense.

**Rice over LSU.** This is one year when Coach Jess Neely isn't crying the blues. The Owls will smother LSU's learning juniors.

**Kansas over TCU.** The Jayhawks fly too fast and too high for the Horned Frogs, who have nobody in a class with Kansas' John Hadz and Curt McClendon.

**Missouri over Washington State.** With Mel Melis pitching and Hugh Campbell catching, the Cougars will score. But can they stop Missouri's swift sweeps?

**Purdue over Washington.** The Huskies have lost too much and mood time to regroup. Tougher defense will win for Purdue.

**Georgia Tech over USC.** The Trojans are swifter than in the past, but Tech can match their speed and Stan Gann's nifty passing gives the Yellow Jackets an edge.

**Syracuse over Oregon State.** Two of the nation's best backs meet, but Syracuse's talented Ernie Davis will get more support than OSU's versatile Terry Baker.

**UCLA over Air Force.** The Bruins, with a stiff defense and fancy offense, are in a mauling mood.

#### Other games

BOSTON COLLEGE OVER CINCINNATI  
DUKE OVER SOUTH CAROLINA  
MIAMI OVER KENTUCKY  
WISCONSIN OVER STAN  
MARYLAND OVER BRU  
BAYLOR OVER WAKE FOREST  
HOUSTON OVER TEXAS A&M  
STANFORD OVER TULANE  
TEXAS OVER CALIFORNIA  
N.C. STATE OVER WYOMING

\*Friday night game



**PLAYERS OF THE WEEK:** Richmond Quarterback Mel Ridenour (left) threw three touchdown passes, scored on a run as the Spikers beat West Virginia. His team lost 12-7, but Toledo End Pete Joffit harassed Wichita backs, proved himself nuisance on defense.

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# 12 DAYS BEFORE THE MAST

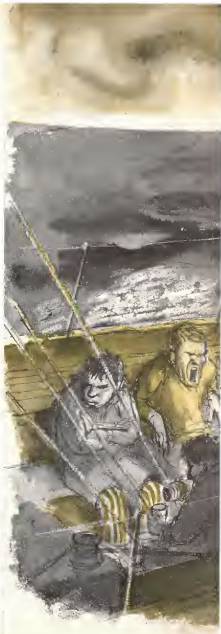
*What can you say about the sea? Only that it is big, said Chekhov. But a landlubber who sailed in the Transpacific race found a lot to say—most of it bad*

by GILBERT ROGIN

The ruts and tracks of life are made early, and mine never led to sea, so I don't know what others lose and find there. The oceans—Pacific, Atlantic, Indian and so forth—which call others like Roland passionately blowing on his horn are, to me, as oppressive as dark rooms full of old, heavy furniture. What can you say about the sea? "High interiors and kelpy bottoms"? Chekhov said that you can say nothing significant about the sea except that it is big. But the sea is also—out of sight of land and off maps—perfectly round. Sailors call it the round locker. Traveling, one remains in its center as though fixed with a pin.

Several weeks before crossing from San Pedro, Calif. to Honolulu on the 55-foot yawl *Santitas*, in the Transpacific race, I was swimming at Key Biscayne, Fla. I wore a reed hat in the water that completely covered my face, the hat apparently floating like an old bird's nest, on the Atlantic. Its brim, my horizon, was three

*Illustration by Marc Simon*





inches from my lips. I moved within that silent shade, unaware of gain or tidal loss, and it was that way on the *Santana*. Her horizons were 20 miles off, but her sea and illusory progress were the same. *Santana* had the broad, variable sky for a hat; after sunset, great fires burning beyond the sea's melancholy rim, clouds and apocalyptic shafts and strokes of light, squalls with black manes of rain, a bos'n bird, its tail a knitting needle, fluttering about the masthead, never seen approaching or noticed departing, more omen than bird.

The sea, too, in itself is quiet. Even in the most remote part of the land you can hear something—an insect's minor progress, a dislodged stone. At sea the noise is from the boat, the junction of the boat with wind and water, sea or rain.

And, to a sailor's purposes, the ocean is empty. This is a catalog of all the living things we saw during our 12 days' passage. One whale blowing dispiritedly, its spout a feeble, windy fountain in its old, soft gray head. Flying fish. One came aboard; it was only an inch long but perfectly formed, its back as blue and shining as the sea it flew wildly out of, its eyes immense, round, blind in its dying, its wings, when we spread them, no larger than a bee's. A narrow, silver fish that washed into the cockpit at night, we shone the flashlight on it, held it speculatively and then threw it back, but it was already dead. A squid. It came in over the weather rail. I fished with it from the stern when the sun rose, but it was quickly torn from the hook. Three bugs; one on the underside of a hatch cover, another vanishing down a cockpit drain, the last in the fo'c'sle. Albatrosses with white faces like clowns. Shearwaters. Little petrel-like birds. Bos'n birds. Spots of phosphorescence in the wake betraying antaones. And one white bird searching like prudent Noah's dove. Many days we saw nothing.

I now sit in a hotel in Waikiki, with green mountains and the roar of air conditioners at my back. The sea is the other way, beyond the wall, but I feel its tug at night; I dream about boats, which I have never dreamed of before, and the bed and carpeted floor tilt like *Santana's* decks. It is as if some fundamental remnant of the Pacific still washed in my bulges and responded like the tide.

*continued*

I am back, huddled in the cockpit in the dark with the starboard watch. We sit about it like old men with pale feet in a bathtub, post reflection and commination: all has been said and all seen; they stare at their toes because toes have no meaning. We have said nothing and won't; we are like preserves in a jar. It is an intimacy only of bodies. What have we in common but the heaving boat, a thermos of coffee and dreams of the islands? Of course, I speak for myself here, as always. We were four strangers meeting by convention like a Geneva commission, polite on account of manners or the unbearable consequences of violating, by honesty or rudeness, the equanimity of our confinement, desperately telling jokes one after another as though we were lost and blowing on our last fire, laughing uproariously, gagging, listening to cheap night music, when we could find it, on Babe's radio and, for hours in the cloudy nights, silent.

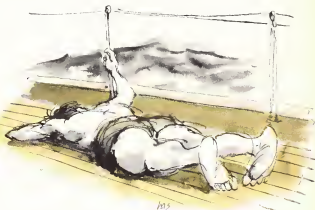
Babe said it was sometimes just as well not to talk too much. He told of a screwy kid who drove everyone below with his endless, insane chatter, except the old man who hung on grimly at the wheel. Finally the kid was quiet until he saw two sea gulls flying off in opposite directions. "Look at those gulls," he told the old man. "I wonder if they'll ever see each other again." The old man swore, abandoned the wheel and went below.

The jokes; how many did we tell before we ran out—500? All this was when the boat was nearly level, when we were running before the northeast trades, those elusive winds. In the beginning, when we were reaching, the wind blowing on the starboard beam, I sat braced by the weather rail, the seas slicing under my foul-weather gear, singing, within my hood, all the songs I knew.

Babe and Sam sang from time to time, too. Then the *Santana* was driving, the sea seething like smoke along the lee rail, the bow waves red and green from our running lights, the big genoa, mainsail and little mizzen staysail full and drawing. "Niner. Niner," we cried as the Kenyon, the nautical speed indicator, showed nine knots. I was known as Toots Kenyon, ludicrously got up in

as we wallowed, sick with rage, barely making headway. We eventually finished 19th and sixth in our class.

In this discouraging weather Babe, that useful man, was at the wheel above the amphitheater of the binnacle. There the compass rose bloomed, red and strange, floating in glycerine and water. Babe said he expected to see a tiny skin-diver swimming in it some night. When



flannel pajama bottoms beneath Bermudas as though dressed for a roller derby—all my other clothes were soaked—for my feet were always in front of the Kenyon, that round idol. When we flew—we had five straight days of making more than 200 nautical miles—it brought to mind a photograph of Whirlaway that hangs in New York bars. The caption reads: "FOUR FEET OFF THE GROUND . . . AND FLYING."

On our fifth day, before the wind turned and squalls overtook us and drove us north, we were fourth in the fleet of 41 boats on corrected time and second in Class B. Then we were stalled in great, slating flats, listening to the artillery of the sails, wincing at the sudden spasms of gear, jibing, the port watch tumbling out, spreader lights casting wacky shadows on the ocean, the foredeck a burrah's nest of sail and line

Babe looked up, his cigarette end seemed to be a single fiery eye in the middle of his forehead. Babe, the professional, his full beard the color of beer, strong, knobby fingers shaped like those of one of the great apes, ruins of cheeks caved in curiously like arroyos, eyes the color of his faded jeans, big, soapy teeth, a reliable, proficient and handsome man, quiet—you could hardly hear him on the foredeck—a leader if he chose (but professionals are not permitted to command, and so he patiently endured). By trade a maintainer of boats, he would later still the *Santana* home. Painter of marine scenes, recter of Massfield, singer of Tahitian songs, woodcarver and shoemaker and so forth, he lives with his clever, pretty wife 98 steps up a hill in Tiburon, Calif., raccoons in his attic. People asked him what he did in real life.

Al was watch captain—Alvadore, after Alvadore, an ancestor, after a popular Civil War song, or so he said, *Alvadore, My Commodore*. Alvadore, Ore. is named after Al. A thick, powerful man with daintily rolled sleeves, he worked for Wally, the *Santana's* owner and captain, in the oil business. Somehow he resembled the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*. Al always said, "Oh, very well. Whatever's customary." He told us he learned it from an Aussie. Too, everyone he has met seems to have turned out to be a "hell of a nice guy." Sam, an Oakland obstetrician and gynecologist, was the fourth member of the starboard watch: big and tangle-footed and the most obliging, accommodating, eager man I have ever known.

We saw little of the port watch—indeed, at times, we might as well have been on separate ships—except in the evening during the dog watches and happy hours when it was too early or too late to sleep. There was Bob, who is 17, growing a wistful red beard and entering Cornell in the fall; Lew, Wally's son, who owns the Jet Car Wash in Sacramento and talked of going into the drive-in dairy business. I used his bunk and sleeping bag. His hammock was full of karting magazines. Pat is in marine insurance. He is a daring, confident sailor who grew somewhat bitter at what he, and others, agreed were often indecisive, conservative and dilatory racing tactics. "We are cruising," he said more than once, "under racing sails." Not, I gather, that more radical strategy and authoritarian command would have made a good deal of difference. The *Santana*, built in 1935 as a schooner by Sparkman & Stephens and owned by several film stars, including Humphrey Bogart (SI, April 30, 1956), is essentially a heavy-weather boat. The light airs of the trades didn't move her.

Glenn, the fourth member of the port watch, was sailing master of the *Santana*: 68, skin like a Seckel pear's, large, responsive nostrils and notable ears. This was, no doubt, his last ocean race. I can hear him crying, "Make her go, Babe,

continued



CLOCK FROM PALLADIO



LOGGAGE BY GUCCI



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per home and went ashore, like the rest of us, burdened with flowers. They say that Glenn laughs and sings in his sleep.

We were 11 altogether: Wally, Gael, the navigator, and Riley, the cook, did not stand watches. Perhaps we were 12 if you count the phantom. He was a character in an elaborate joke Babe told one mild evening in the trades—the evening Gael played the ukulele and sang to us in his high, affecting voice, and we shot Riley's .22 over the taffrail at colored balloons receding on the six-foot swells. The phantom became a member of the crew and left sneaky notes on the bulletin board. Riley, who is in the oil business, too, had misgivings about being cook, but he never complained and remained surprisingly cheerful. It was a thankless job, strapped in his harness, like a telephone lineman, as the boat suddenly slammed over, filling the galley with a storm of deviled eggs. He became adept at tossing garbage out of the open galley skylight and over the lee rail. Gael is a partner in an advertising agency. He had navigated, I believe, during World War II. Wally was in oil and obviously quite wealthy: a yacht, they say, is a hole in the water surrounded by wood into which money is poured. He is a West Point graduate and served as a brigadier general of artillery in the Pacific; World War II was a common, and often dreary, topic of conversation. The guns had made him slightly deaf and, as a result, he speaks with startling volume. The heavier the weather, the more Wally enjoyed it. The rare times he drove the boat you could see him grinning with delight. He has owned nine boats over the years, five sail and four cruisers. "I never sailed them myself, though," he lamented one night in the main cabin. "I never had the time and there was always someone willing to do it for me." In a sense, Wally served as Gael's assistant. The *Sawtooth* was abundantly navigated. At noon and at innumerable other times Wally and Gael would emerge, like moles, from the companionway with their sextants, trailed by Riley and Lew with stop watches, while we hummed,

*continued*



SLACKS SHOWN: 80% "DACRON" POLYESTER FIBER, 45% WORSTED WOOL

## DACRON<sup>®</sup> improves fall slacks POLYESTER FIBER ... adds new neatness to wool

Here's a new kind of fall-weight slacks that blends the modern, proven advantages of "Dacron"<sup>®</sup> polyester fiber with traditional wool. "Dacron" adds longer-lasting wrinkle resistance and crease retention—keeps you looking well pressed, well dressed, even in the soggiest weather. "Dacron" means fewer trips to the presser's, extra comfort and longer wear. This fall, buy the modern, improved slacks: "Dacron" and wool.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

### ASHER

tailors these fine slacks in powder, olive and a range of browns and grays. Sizes 29-42. About \$15.95. For store nearest you, write Asher Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

rather under our breaths, a martial air. We called it *The March of the Navigators*. They shot the hell out of the sun. Venus, more elusive, got off easy.

In 1834 Richard Henry Dana wrote in *Two Years Before the Mast*, "A sailor's life is at best but a mixture of a little good with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain. The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the commonplace, and the solemn with the ludicrous." This book was on board. I read it in the cockpit and forward, with a sail bag as a back rest. They tell me that one of the delights of sailing is its tradition or heritage. This may be true,

for what Dana wrote then holds now. It was a numbing, embittering and largely useless 12 days. There was no plot, no suspense. Our progress was as lacking in memorable incident as the passage of an hour hand across the face of a clock. We proved only that a curving, erratic line is not the shortest distance between two points. I will not deny, however, some simple pleasures. For instance, having a watchmate douse you with sea water drawn up in a plastic bucket and then lying naked on the warm planking to dry.

I have to remind myself. Things have a way of receding, like balloons astern

or punch lines of the best jokes. Just now Wally phoned. He wants me on his starboard watch for the Acapulco race. He knows my sentiments, but he told me I'd think differently in a few weeks. Is this what they mean by sea change? But I have devised a way to remind myself. Next time they want to send me to sea I'll lock myself in the bathroom for 12 days with canned goods, Sterno, an electric fan and an alarm clock. I'll sit in the tub for four hours, fully dressed, with the fan blowing across me, taking a cold shower. Then I'll get out, eat, undress and go back to the tub to sleep. Four hours later I'll put on my wet clothes, take another shower and so on.

What did I learn at sea? I know about endurance, but I do not class it as a virtue. What benefit is it to lie a few inches below the overhead in the fo'c'sle as the boat pitches and tosses so you have to hold tightly to the pipes or chains or be thrown; to lie there with a track meet going on overhead when the port watch changes sail; to listen to the seas washing over the foredeck and the ominous gurgling of the bow waves as the boat lifts its heavy head and sets it down? It's like living in a washing machine. Then they call you out, stumbling and cursing, your arm aching from hanging on while you slept, hopping about in a bizarre jig to try to get on your foul-weather gear, a suit notable for drying rapidly on the outside while remaining clammy as a cave's wall in the interior, then climbing up the companionway ladder and changing p'aces, grunting greetings, with the port watch. I've known discomfort—and this discomfort was minor if prolonged—but discomfort is not a virtue, either.

I've known boredom, too, but never so total an apathy, where the bleakness and monotony of the sea seem to invade the mind, drown it, so that you cannot even rescue yourself with reveries, those comforting journeys. But my dreams at night, as though compensating, were extraordinarily vivid. Ask me what I did in real life when I was at sea and I will relate to you my dreams.

END







## The man who shares his point of view...

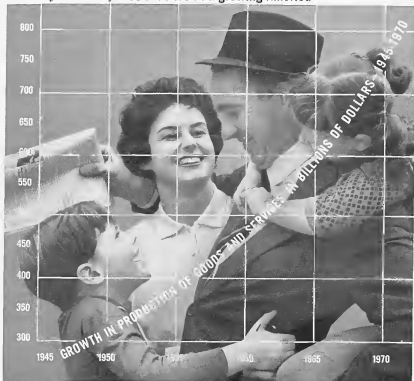
is basically a rugged individualist. But he shares a singular point of view with millions of well-dressed men when it comes to sportshirt fashions. His choice is Manhattan®. Like the sportshirt he's wearing: a smart woven plaid that's good company on any casual occasion... be it wistful daydreaming, or a serious matter like quarterbacking the game on the living room T.V. Tailored of

Mansmooth® no-iron 100% cotton, it stays neat and wrinkle-free from dawn to dusk, thanks to exclusive Reserve Neatness™. \$5.95. Slightly higher in the West. The Manhattan Shirt Company, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York.

*Manhattan*

Quality makers of the finest men's furnishings, sportswear and Lady Manhattan® sportswear.

## Another good reason for Confidence in a growing America



## YOUR FUTURE RIDES HIGH ON THIS CURVE!

If you're uncertain about what lies ahead, take a good look at the white line. It represents America's past production rate and economists' estimates of future production, with the peaks and valleys smoothed out. Over the long pull the curve keeps rising.

In fact, American production more than doubles every 20 years.

You can expect even faster growth during the Sixties. Because at the present rate, the \$12 billion a year were spending on research and development may well reach \$22 billion by 1971. The outpouring of new products and processes will be in proportion. Research is the fountainhead of progress. Ready now are such innovations as foods preserved

by radiation, cleaning with sound waves, machines that can translate foreign languages, and solid radio sets without wires. And many more are on the way.

Judging by past experience, two million more businesses will be established to make and distribute our growing production during the next 25 years. Whole industries will emerge to turn out the new products that are coming from the laboratories. America has a brilliant future but to realize it fully, we must all work together for the common good.



**FREE**—Write for illustrated booklet, "The Promise of America." Box 16, New York 16, N.Y.

### GET READY FOR AN UPSWING!

**MORE RESEARCH**—We're now spending \$12 billion a year—and that's expected to double during the Sixties!

**MORE INCOME**—Today's \$60.00 average per family represents an all-time high!

**MORE SAVINGS**—Now at the highest level ever—net savings of individuals exceed \$775 billion!

**MORE JOBS**—Despite unemployment there are 15 million more jobs than in 1950—will be 22 million more by 1975!

**MORE EDUCATION**—By 1970 we'll have 29 million more high school graduates than today, and 3 million more college graduates. They'll earn more, live better!

**MORE LEISURE**—46 million Americans get paid vacations and there are 16 million people over 65, many of them with retirement income to spend!

**MORE MARKETS**—U.S. exports, plus output on U.S.-owned plants overseas, already account for over \$40 billion in sales!

**MORE NEEDS**—Schools, hospitals, highways, houses—our need billions in improvements right now, and the need keeps growing!



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Glamor and "go"—that's Oldsmobile's Starfire, the new class of car that sparkles with distinction! Stunningly styled inside... with leather-appointed bucket seats and sporty center control console. "Something extra" in performance, too... with a blazing 345-h.p. Starfire Engine and stick-operated 4-S HYDRA-MATIC. An adventure in motoring excitement awaits you... in the limited-edition Starfire!

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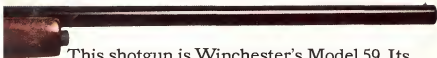


Two models—featuring a brand-new coupe for '62—with all the standard equipment: 345-h.p. Starfire Engine with 10.50 to 1 compression ratio • 4-S Hydra-Matic with stick control • Dual exhausts • Fiber-packed mufflers • High-torque 3,42-to-1 rear axle • Foam cushioned bucket seats • Tachometer • Power Steering • Power Brakes • Clock • Windshield Washers • Color-matched luggage compartment.

There's **SOMETHING EXTRA** about owning an OLDS!

NINETEEN EIGHTY-A SUPER SE • DYNAMIC SE • F-60 • STARFIRE

Now from the famous gun laboratories of Winchester comes the greatest advance in over 600 years of gun-making: Win-Lite: the incredible glass fiber barrel.



This shotgun is Winchester's Model 59. Its weatherproof Win-Lite barrel is made with 500 miles of glass fiber fused and bonded to an extremely thin steel tube creating a barrel much stronger than steel at nearly half the weight of conventional barrels.



The amazing new floating-action chamber reduces recoil effect by 20 per cent. The inscribed receiver is aluminum. It will never rust. The Model 59 weighs 6½ pounds. \$149.95. It is the strongest, fastest shooting lightweight automatic ever made. It is a totally new experience in shotgun handling. It will stand with Winchester's all-time greats.

SPECIFICATIONS—Action: Not locking, non-removable barrel. Barrel: Also features 27", 30", 33" lengths and is full and full or improved cylinder chokes. Barrel: Also features 12 gauge, 16 gauge, 20 gauge, 28 gauge, 30 gauge, 32 gauge, 34 gauge, 36 gauge, 40 gauge, 42 gauge, 44 gauge, 46 gauge, 48 gauge, 50 gauge, 52 gauge, 54 gauge, 56 gauge, 58 gauge, 60 gauge, 62 gauge, 64 gauge, 66 gauge, 68 gauge, 70 gauge, 72 gauge, 74 gauge, 76 gauge, 78 gauge, 80 gauge, 82 gauge, 84 gauge, 86 gauge, 88 gauge, 90 gauge, 92 gauge, 94 gauge, 96 gauge, 98 gauge, 100 gauge. Stock: Checkered pistol grip and forend of American Walnut. Capacity: 3 shells—fed in magazine, 4 in chamber. Gauge: Magnum 2 3/4" or field loads without any added mass.





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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

As time ran out on Maris and Mantle (three games to go for 154), Roger led Babe Ruth by a couple of games, but Mickey was apparently out of the race. Meanwhile, New York won two from Detroit, collected four magic numbers in the process and was two away from mathematically eliminating the Tigers. The far-real Cincinnati Reds cut their magic number of combined Red wins and Dodger losses to eight for the team's first pennant in 21 years. Oddly enough, the Dodgers once waited that long also (1920-1942) between pennants.

Another magic number for pitchers, 20 wins, was back in the American League after an absence of a season. Whiskey Ford had 24 and Frank Lary 21. In batting, Pete Runnels, the 1960 leader, was only 10 points off his winning mark but 50 points behind Elston Howard and Norm Cash. Home run leaders were the same as 1960, but better. Mantle, who won last year with 40, had 53. Maris, who was second with 39, had 58. In the National League, Dick Groat, who did nothing wrong in 1960 as he led the Pirates to the championship, was just another shortstop. His fielding slipped, and his batting average fell 55 points. Roberto Clement had a 15-point edge on Vada Pinson for this year's batting title. Orlando Cepeda led in the other two categories with 40 homers and 127 RBIs. Of last year's 30-game winners, Warren Spahn was on the threshold for the 12th time, but Ernie Broglio (with 12 wins) and Vernon Law (with a sore arm) were out of the running. Joey Jay (20) was also one of the reasons for the most surprising number of the year, 49½—the margin the Cincinnati Reds had over the Dodgers with 10 games to go.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Reds won six straight, and the race was practically over. When Joey Jay won his 20th and became the prime candidate to pitch the World Series opener, he explained his success: "Opportunity," said Jay. "Last year I had 11 starts and won seven of them. This year I had 31 starts and won 20." The Los Angeles Dodgers had little hope for anything but second place after losing three games, including a shocking 19-10 defeat by the Phillies. The San Francisco Giants prepared for a head-to-head battle with the Braves for third place. Manager Dick Brown brought minor leaguers Charlie Miller and Jim Duffalo back to the team. It was serecky Willie McCovey, however, who helped the Giants most, with a one-swing punch homer against the Cubs for a ninth-inning victory. Warren Spahn fell before an old gnx as

Milwaukee slid to fourth. Spahn—who hasn't beaten a Dodger team in Brooklyn or Los Angeles for 13 years—was battered in the Coliseum. The St. Louis Cardinals took five of six, with 20-year-old Ray Sadecki winning his 14th and 20-year veteran Stan Musial batting 500. Vernon Law, who won 20 last year and has three this year, was in Pittsburgh to have his ailing arm checked. "I cry every time I look at the standings," said Law. He saw the Pirates 17 games out of first—the difference between his 1960 and 1961 wins. Bad flying connections, which left sleepy ballplayers hanging around airports for hours, were offered by the Chicago Cubs as an excuse for seven straight losses. The Phillies were wide awake, hitting homers (including three in one game in Los Angeles by ex-Dodger Don Demeter) and keeping their average at .500 since the famous 23-game losing streak.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Neither Roger Maris nor the Yankees clinched anything in Detroit (see page 26) but the champagne-popping wasn't far off. The Yanks and Maris can do it in Baltimore—where Babe Ruth's career began. The Orioles can do something, too—finish second, but only if their hitting improves. Said giant Baltimore Manager Lum Harris, 46, after putting Dave Philley, 41, into the starting lineup: "I can outfit anyone on this club." Luis Aparicio, who had two homers last year, hit two this week. His slugging failed to help the Chicago White Sox, who lost four out of six, Cleveland also plodded along, losing three out of five and earning a chewing-out from Manager Dykes: "You're not fooling that man [GM Gabe Paul] in the front office for one minute." Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox hit .400, moved his season average close to .270 as Boston split six games. Los Angeles hung on to seventh after splitting a series with the Twins. George Thomas, a converted outfielder, hit a homer but was not above kidding his inept fielding. "Most infielders," said Thomas, "endorse gloves for Wilson or Rawlings. I signed up with U.S. Steel. They call me the Iron Claw." Minnesota's Jim Kaat pitched a three-hitter against LA with a new technique: controlled wildness. "That means getting the ball over with something on it," explained Kaat, "even after I'm tired." Washington and Kansas City fought the battle of the bottom. Dartmouth graduate Pete Burnside won twice for the Senators, and Yankee graduate Norm Siebern hit well for the A's, who took over 10th from Washington. END

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SEPTEMBER 23, 1961

# How many of these football greats can you name?



**1** *Red*  
One of the great fullbacks in the early days, he ended on 201 points with the Giants—was later in for his kicking too.



**2** *Charley*  
He is taller, 14 years ago. His favorite Giants quarterback was an NFL single game passer to record that 57 yards.



**3** *Paul*  
This Packers fullback broke an all-time NFL record for yards when he scored 576 points in a single season.



**4** *Johnny*  
A great player at Notre Dame and later with the Bears, he is the youngest member of football's Hall of Fame.



**5** *Stubby*  
Now starting his 10th NFL season, this Detroit Lions quarterback is generally credited for reviving the Steelers.



**6** *Jim*  
Former 1st round draft pick (1961, 1st L. A. AFB) has been picked as an all-time fullback for the past three years.



**7** *Doc*  
The greatest pass receiver of them all, he played and for the Packers, caught a record total of 941 touchdown passes.



**8** *Frank*  
He threw 'em left handed for Oakland and the San Francisco 49ers, was known for his "Buckley" plays.



Watch NFL Pro Football  
weekends on CBS-TV  
brought to you  
by Marlboro.

*Each of these Marlboro  
men is a famous pro  
player—past or present*

You'll be seeing them this fall  
in our Marlboro commercials  
during NFL Pro Football telecasts

*Read the clues in the pictures,  
then fill in the last names.  
Answers are below, but don't look yet!*

Maybe you don't recognize him off the field,  
but each of these Marlboro men is a great  
name in the annals of pro football.

They're Marlboro men, no mistaking that.  
Rugged as they come and tops in their field.

If your memory needs jogging, watch Pro  
Football on CBS-TV. This fall, for the 6th  
year in a row, Marlboro is sponsoring the  
NFL games and you'll be seeing these men  
in our Marlboro commercials, reliving  
highlights of their great careers.

Don't miss the games. And while you're  
watching, settle back with a Marlboro—  
the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste.

You get a lot to like with a  
**Marlboro**

*King-size soft pack or Flip-Top box*



Answers:  
1. Dan Fouts  
2. Tom Brady  
3. Tom Brady  
4. Tom Brady  
5. Tom Brady  
6. Tom Brady  
7. Tom Brady  
8. Tom Brady

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## COURT ORDER

Sirs:

I don't know anything about the USLTA, but I do know this guy Dennis Ralston is a spoiled brat (SCORECARD, Sept. 11). I've seen him on many occasions pull some baby act that made him top candidate for a punch in the nose.

If the Davis Cup depends on this type of individual, then leave it with the Aussies.

J. NICOLINI

San Francisco

Sirs:

Your editorial made no mention that Ralston was already under probation for misconduct in 1960 during the Irish championships in Dublin, the junior championships at Kalamazoo and the Australian championships. We of the USLTA are endeavoring to operate a democratic organization, not an autocratic one where hasty decisions are made. Ralston was suspended as promptly as possible after the Amateur Rules Committee was furnished with detailed charges from the official referee at Cleveland. As president, I could not have acted without this committee's approval. Moreover, the committee and I felt that it would be unfair to Ralston's doubles partner, Chuck McKinley, to remove him from the doubles, since his own suspension had been lifted only a few months before.

As you presented it, the 1,600 people who booed Ralston and the many thousands of your readers will think that your publication condones bad behavior in sports.

GEOFFREY E. BARNES  
President, USLTA

New York City

Sirs:

What you say about the ineptitude of the USLTA is true, and many of us tennis players are aware of the situation.

Until they oust the small-thinking old-timers from positions of influence, the organization, along with all of U.S. tennis, will remain at a standstill.

DAVE BROOM

Spokane

## NET PROPHECY

Sirs:

The article on the Forest Hills amateur tennis championships (*Strategy, Strokes and Sirs*, Sept. 4) was the best thing that's ever been in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. It is fantastic

that Bill Talbert could go that deep into the stars for a real story, not just the typical run-of-the-mill article.

MICHAEL KNIGHT

Porterville, Calif.

## NADIR WITH TRAHN

Sirs:

I have heard it said that Nadir could have been the greatest horse of all time if he only had heart. Well, Ridan is Nadir all over again, with heart.

MIKE LEVITAS

Evansville, Ill.

Sirs:

Whitney Tower did not give Radue nearly the billing he deserved (*Pine Young Thoroughbreds*, Sept. 4). We of the Chicago area are sure that he is already the fastest horse in history, besides being the strongest and most beautiful! How about a picture?

BRIAN BOLDY

Evansville, Ill.



RIDAN AND RIDER JOHNNY SELLERS

## QUEEN, JACK

Sirs:

Congratulations on the funniest article I have ever read (*The Week They Try to Catch the Babe*, Sept. 11). Jack Olsen shows that his ability to tickle the funny bone is matched only by the hitting talent of Norm Cash.

ERIC SIMONSEN

Eggersville, N.Y.

Sirs:

You quoted American League Pitcher Barber as saying, "I wouldn't feel too bad if either [M or M] hit No. 60 off me, unless it cost me a ball game." You also added,

"This is true, and Barber is the Queen of Rumania."

Well, I feel the way Barber does, so maybe I am the Queen of Rumania.

DAVE PICITELLI

West Reading, Pa.

## CURE FOR TV

Sirs:

John Hay did a bang-up job describing Cape Cod in *A Walk on the Great Beach* (Sept. 11). More stories like this will keep the TV turned off.

JIMMY NOWLIN

Oklahoma City

## UGH!

Sirs:

After noting the wild words of Harry Warner in *SCORECARD* (Sept. 11), I still have to challenge your entire view on the NFL vs. AFL.

We here in Los Angeles feel the wrong team left town when the Chargers went to San Diego and the Rams stayed here.

With the likes of Jack Kemp, Paul Lowe, Bo Robertson, Don Norton and others, plus a rock-ribbed defense led by Dick Harris, Earl Fason and company, the Chargers would kick many of the NFL clubs, such as the Cowboys, Vikings, Redskins and, to be sure, the Rams. Ugh!

HARRY SANFORD

Hollywood

Sirs:

I am second to no one in Warner-baiting, but why roll up the IBM machines to disguise a publicity gimmick?

DAVID LUCAS

Elmhurst, N.Y.

Sirs:

I think that the New York Giants are afraid to play the Titans.

LYLE BOLDIN

Maywood, Ill.

## TRAPPIST

Sirs:

It was very gratifying to read your article on shotgun shooting ("Keep that Damned Kid Away from Me!" Aug. 14), a very popular sport which, incidentally, is given far too little publicity. However, I would be interested to know when Carola Mandel ever shot in a registered trap tournament. To my knowledge she has never even attended,





## Golf Shoes?

The cocky kid was acting up. The press corps and gallery following the Jaycee Junior Golf Championship tournament at Columbus, Ohio, were appalled at his unsportsmanlike conduct. They were almost hoping he'd get into trouble.

On the seventeenth hole, he did. After missing four putts, he deliberately pitched his clubs into the crowd. This could have been the end of the boy's tournament play and of his golf career as well.

But Jerry Brennan, the Jaycee tournament director, insisted on talking with the boy. As the lad's cocky belligerence ebbed away under Jerry's gentle probing, it was learned that he came from a dry, flat section of the country. He had never played on a real golf green before. Jerry also noticed his ancient, rusty clubs and the fact that he wore slippery-soled Navy Surplus shoes. No wonder he was having trouble on those slick greens. Quietly Jerry went out, found the golf pro, and came back with a new pair of golf shoes. The last shred of the "bad boy's" false arrogance melted. The tears came.

The boy went back out and played good golf. Moreover, he wound up as one of the most popular boys in the tournament.

This story illustrates why we of the Wheaties Sports Federation get such great satisfaction from working with the Jaycees,

and why we're so glad to sponsor the National Jaycee Fitness Program. One of the Federation's basic goals is to encourage increased participation in all sports, and in other group and individual physical activity and recreation. The Junior Chamber of Commerce, through activities such as Junior Champ, Youth Fitness Testing and Community Recreational Surveys, is one of the main driving forces behind America's march to better physical fitness. We salute the men of the Jaycees!

And, by the way, the story about the boy without golf shoes has another interesting sequel. Jerry Brennan, the Jaycee

in the story, is now my friend and co-worker with the Wheaties Sports Federation!



*Bob Richards*  
Director,  
Wheaties Sports Federation

**WHEATIES,**  
Breakfast of Champions

## New reflex movie zoom gives you perfect exposures automatically



## Yashica U-Matic

also features thru-the-lens focusing, electric motor drive, fades, dissolves, multiple speeds, and remote control operation.

Electric eye automatically sets lens for perfect movies. Thru-the-lens finder eliminates framing errors and out-of-focus pictures. Runs on 4 penlite batteries — 3 speeds: fast, normal and slow motion. Also fades and dissolve effects. FLR zoom lens covers 39mm wide angle to 38mm telephoto. Less than \$130 with 16-foot remote control (reg. grip extra). See your dealer for exact price, or write Dept. B.

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## 9TH HOLE continued

much less won, the Grand American Trap-shooting tournaments, which are held every year in Vandalia, Ohio.

Mrs. FRANK HOWARD JR.,  
Woodstock, Ill.

● Carol Mandel has not taken part in U.S. trap tournaments mainly because of conflicting skeet schedules. She has, however, competed on numerous occasions in Olympic trap in Europe, winning, among other titles, the 1937 St. Vincent's Men's Championships in Italy, an unprecedented trap victory for a woman. — ED.

## GUNNING FOOLS

Sirs:

Being somewhat of a duck hunter for "gunner," as they say on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, I must say that I am not shocked at the new limit restrictions (*Good for Deer, Bad for Ducks*, Sept. 11). However, I doubt if Secretary of the Interior Udell (Score-Cam, Aug. 28) has ever enjoyed the thrill when wild ducks wheel and start to swing over the decoys. If he had, he would know only too well that it takes a special breed of happy fool to enjoy the sport.

It is my feeling that this special breed would much prefer a closed season to allow the duck population a full year of vacation. I also feel that he (the foolish duck hunter) would be willing to buy his Federal Duck Stamp even if he can't use it, because he knows that the money is spent to try and give him better hunting.

H. A. KARK JR.,

Chevy Chase, Md.

## PROPHET WITH HONOR

Sirs:

Remember my telling you that Army Lieutenant Jay Silverstein might become the first man to throw the discus over 300 feet (19th Hole, Aug. 7)? Well, he's done it, reaching a tremendous 210 feet 2 inches in Los Angeles on September 9.

After reaching 190 feet for the first time only a year ago, Silverstein broke the 60-meter barrier on August 11 in Frankfurt by setting a world record of 60.56 meters (198 feet 8 3/4 inches). He increased that record a short time later and now has made the big breakthrough by throwing 10 feet over the 200 mark.

STEPHEN GOULD

Cheverly, Md.

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED salutes a well-called shot — ED.

## ALEX TO ZAMP

Sirs:

YOUR PAT ON THE BACK (Aug. 28) for Lou Zamperini and his notable success with introducing delinquent boys to Mammoth Mountain sports and the outdoors brings to mind the silent part played in his program by the much-maligned square of Squaw Valley, Alex Cushing. Lou recently confided to me that for several summers the oft-damned Olympic mover has turned his luxurious lodge and its facilities over to him and his young charges.

Cushing personally sees to it that they are treated as the guests they are, with mountain events, swimming, ice skating, horse-back riding and the use of the chair lifts. All on the q.t., with no thought of thanks from anyone save Zamp and his boys.

For this, Alex Cushing gets our personal pat on the back.

ELMAR BAXTER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Lou Zamperini has made a career of battling the odds and winning. He was a top-notch miler for the University of Southern California in the late '30s, and came from behind to win many a race.

As a bombardier during World War II, he was shot down during a mission, drifted for 47 days on the open sea and was finally captured and imprisoned for 28 torturous months by the Japanese.

RICHARD D. GROSS


Newark, Del.

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We'll rough it.  
Woodsmoke, trout  
from a skillet, dinner  
on a log. That's  
how it'll be, Gimlet. Vodka,  
**Rose's Lime Juice**  
and ice. Strictly al fresco.  
But don't let the great  
outdoors throw you.  
You'll taste just as great  
upstream as you do here.  
That's why I like you, kid.  
Put a glass around you  
and a guy can take  
you anywhere.



Gin in the Gimlet also goes anywhere. Formula: 4 or 5 parts  
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## English names



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## PAT ON THE BACK



MARTHA HALLER

## Deep love

Six years ago Alfred Haller, a biology teacher at South Portland (Me.) High, allowed his wife Martha to try out his skin-diving equipment. "From now on, it's mine," announced Mrs. Haller, exercising a prerogative of the modern wife. Since then, for fun and occasional profit, the Hallers have dived together regularly. They hunt for sunken outboard motors or cabin cruisers, make seaweed and lobster surveys and sometimes catch their

dinner. Mrs. Haller, in fact, has become so proficient under water that the Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs has awarded her a certificate—first class, an honor usually reserved for male divers. The Hallers' 4-year-old daughter, Crystal, is another potential certificate holder, though she doesn't yet use air tanks or weights. What is it like 100 feet below the surface? "It's out of this world," insists Martha Haller, "and I love it."



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

## Our "close-up" of an angry rhino got too close for comfort

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**2.** "Like a battering ram, he thundered down on us. We took to our heels but it was like running down the track in front of a runaway express train. The furious beast was gaining on us fast.



**3.** "There was only one chance—a deep gully at the edge of the clearing. Cameras flapping, we ran as though our lives depended on it. They did! The earth trembled as the rhino bore down on us. With lung bursting speed, we reached the gully and blindly leaped head-over-heels down the slope.

**4.** "The rhino didn't dare follow us down the steep slope. At nightfall, still trembling, we made our way back to camp. What a welcoming sight was my favorite whisky—good old Canadian Club . . . a perfect ending for any adventure!" Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. What's more, it's the lightest whisky in the world. You can stay with it all evening long—in short sips before dinner, tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.

**1.** "You never know how fast you can run . . . until a rhino breathes down your neck," writes Ron Hagley, an American friend of Canadian Club. "We were after pictures of wild life in Tanganyika. But that rhino was wilder than we'd bargained for! We stalked cautiously into picture range, our cameras at ready, when suddenly the monster wheeled on us in a blind fury. Startling with rage, he lowered his ugly head and stared toward us at a gallop. We forgot about the pictures. One look at that mean horn was enough. We were in for it!



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